

The Sketch

No. 820.—Vol. LXIV.

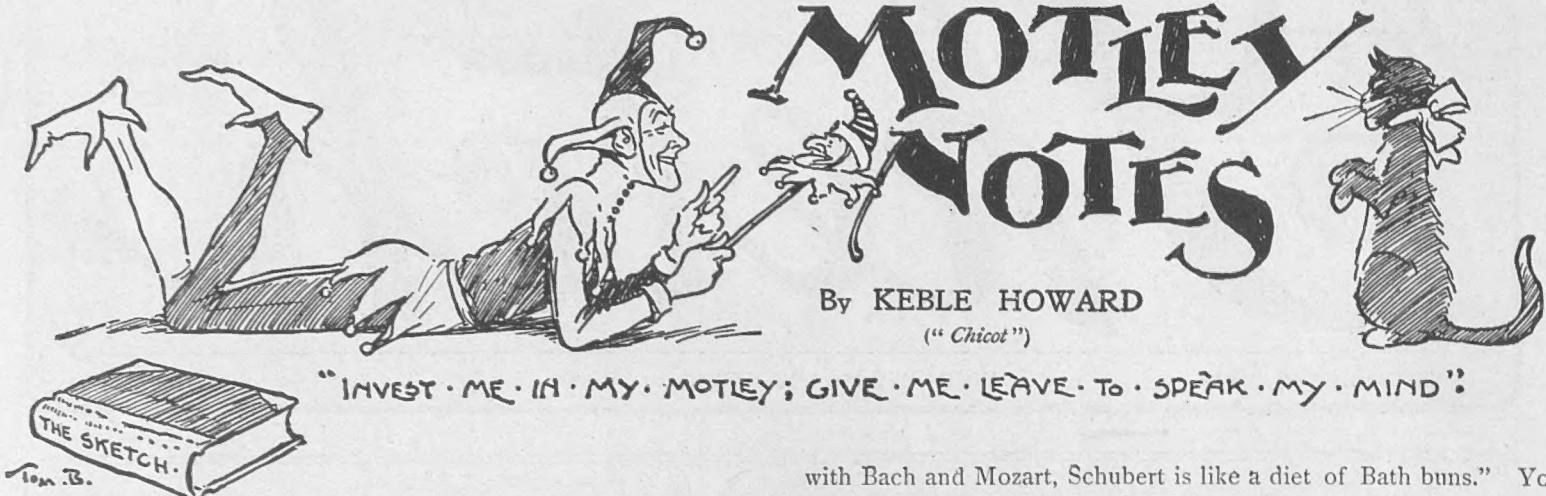
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



THE WEDDING OF LORD ROSSLYN: THE NEW COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN (FORMERLY MISS VERA MARY BAYLEY).

The Earl of Rosslyn was married to Miss Vera Mary Bayley, daughter of Mr. Eric Edward Bayley, formerly of the 17th Lancers, at the Prince's Row Registry Office, Buckingham Palace Road, last week. The bride, who is between 21 and 22, is said to be as clever as she is good-looking. This is Lord Rosslyn's third marriage. His Lordship is the 5th Earl and a baronet, and has one son, Lord Loughborough, who was born in November 1892, and a daughter, who was born in 1891. He has one brother and three sisters. The eldest of the sisters is Duchess of Sutherland; the second, Countess of Westmorland, and the third, Lady Angela Forbes.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



Why You Should Love Your Enemies.

Everybody is willing to admit that the most deadly thing in life is monotony, and yet there are still people to be found, rational people in other respects, who object to being maliciously attacked. They say—"So-and-So is going about reviling me," and expect sympathy on this account. As a matter of logic, the statement should awaken envy rather than sympathy. So-and-So, if they would only believe it, is a valuable asset. He is the chap who is keeping them alive, and alert, and interested. A man may very well be content to die whom everybody is praising, but no man feels called to another world so long as there is fighting to be done in this one. Praise, up to a point, is stimulating, more especially to the very young warrior; after a time, though, it is absolutely essential to his career, if he is to be successful, that he should meet with opposition. Man cannot live on back-patting alone. He may march out of camp with the band, and feel very splendid and spirited, but he will not be able to march far unless there is a chance of something to shoot at, and of being shot at himself. For these reasons, never sympathise with those who tell you that awfully nasty things are being said about them behind their backs. And when they offer you sympathy for a similar reason, convert them neatly into avowed enemies by refusing to accept it. The real friend never bears this kind of tittle-tattle.

Poison of Incessant Praise.

Mr. Bernard Shaw owes a very great debt to his adverse critics. There is no man more afraid of praise than Mr. Shaw. This is not entirely admirable in him. The really strong man should be able to stand a good deal of praise without wilting. But Mr. Shaw goes down before a word of praise like a blade of grass before the scythe. This is his weakness, and he knows it. "Give us this day our daily slanging" is his most fervent prayer. His career as a playwright would have been far longer and more brilliant—I do not mean to say that it is over, by any means—if his indiscriminate friends and admirers had not stuffed him round with praise, praise, praise so that the poor fellow could hardly breathe. Have you never noticed how often a man follows up a big success with a couple of failures? There could be no more conclusive proof to my contention. The praise that follows on the success stultifies him, unless he is a fighter of uncommon strength. He approaches his next task with a paralysing sensation of being a very brilliant chap, whose lightest effort is in the nature of a masterpiece. Then comes failure, but he is not yet fully awake. The drug is still working. But the second failure rouses him effectually, and he fights like mad to win back his position. All of which things, I know as well as you do, are platitudes; still, it takes a certain amount of courage to write platitudes. And they have to be written.

The Shaw Recipe for "Laughs."

I was led to mention Mr. Shaw because I have just been reading the report of his sermon at the City Temple. Frankly, I do not like the idea of Mr. Shaw as a preacher in an actual pulpit. I have never been in the City Temple, but I have always understood that it is a place of worship. In that case, it is scarcely the best possible setting for Mr. Shaw's rather mechanical little flippancies. I say "mechanical" because the Shaw method of startling the vacantly minded is so simple, so obvious, and he is so touchingly faithful to it. This is the trick, which you have probably spotted for yourself: take some subject, or name, or phrase, or work of art that is regarded with universal reverence, and mention it in the same breath with something of the most everyday kind. For example (to quote from the entertainment in the City Temple): "As compared

with Bach and Mozart, Schubert is like a diet of Bath buns." You get kudos by claiming intimate acquaintance with the works of Bach, Mozart, and Schubert; then you get "the laugh," as we say on the halls, by dragging in Bath buns. Nothing easier. Try it in the home circle this winter. Father won't think much of it, but mother will be awfully proud of you, and little sister Sadie will brag about your intellect to her chums.

A Cheap Brain-Stimulant.

I have a grudge against a writer in the *Gazetta Medica*, a paper published, I am told, in Barcelona. Here is some advice given by this practical joker: "Standing before a high desk is the best position for brain-work, especially writing. Try it. You will find that standing stimulates the brain and prevents drowsiness." Now, I had been told this a thousand times, but one never takes a piece of advice until after it has been given a thousand times. The writer in the *Gazetta Medica* caught me just at the ripe moment. I determined to try it. Having no high desk at hand, however, it was necessary to make one. I placed a stool on my writing-table, and a blotting-pad on the stool. This was not high enough, however, so I put three books under each leg of the stool. It is not easy to find twelve books which, divided into lots of three, will be of precisely similar height. By the time my stool was firm and steady, I had lost nearly half-an-hour. Then I began to write, standing up. Pretty soon I discovered the disadvantages. My dictionary and other books were still down there on the table, and I was compelled either to pick them up or stoop down to them. The same with the ink. So I balanced the ink on the edge of the stool. In an unthinking moment, over went the whole contrivance with a crash. Certainly it stimulated my brain.

Another Injustice to Woman.

Mrs. Bertha Carlow complains that "a woman's mind shows through her face much more than a man's does." I scarcely think there is sufficient excuse for the complaint, except as another indictment of man. In point of fact, a man's mind shows through his face just as clearly as a woman's mind. That is what the face is for—Nature's warning. Some people are clever at managing their faces, and they are clever, too, at persuading you that their faces belie them. This is why you should always trust to your first impressions, however hasty. Never allow anybody to persuade you into liking them if, at first sight, you disliked them. And never allow anybody to persuade you into disliking a person for whom you formed an instinctive affection at first sight. All of us, of course, are faithless, at some time or another, to our first impressions; and all of us, I think, have lived long enough to regret it. Mind you, it does not follow that there is anything particularly wrong about a man because you do not happen to like him. Sympathies and antipathies are merely matters of temperament—another of Nature's ingenious little contrivances for keeping us alive by keeping us on the alert.

Decline of the Dairymaid.

This is terrible news about the decline of the dairymaid. Says Sir George Barham: "There is a growing difficulty to get sufficient young people to undertake that romantic duty, with its demand for early—very early—rising." Sir George Barham does not make sufficient allowance, I think, for the fact that the modern dairymaid has to be up, nowadays, very late. Few of them get away from the theatre much before a quarter to twelve, and musical comedies tend to get longer and longer. I admit that those who are not on the stage might well be up and doing by daybreak, but how many are there who have not joined the profession? It is significant that there are only 132 entries this year for the milking competition.

CLASSICISM AGAIN! YET ANOTHER BAREFOOTED DANCER.



MLLE. ARTEMIS COLONNA, WHO IS APPEARING AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Mlle. Colonna was born at Corfu, and from early childhood wished to become a dancer. She was encouraged by Professor Mendelssohn, a relative of the composer, and at last went to Athens to study. "There she made many friends interested in the old Greek art, and obtained special permission to study alone for one hour every day in the famous museums, from the vases and bas-reliefs, and then gave several performances in the open-air theatre of Bacchus, which is 4000 years old."

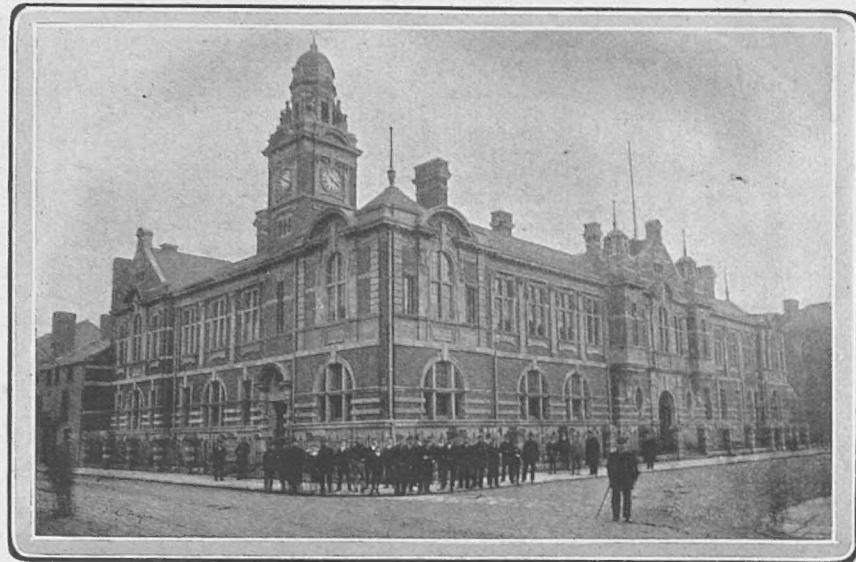
Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

SWANSEA: "THE OCEAN PORT OF ENGLAND."

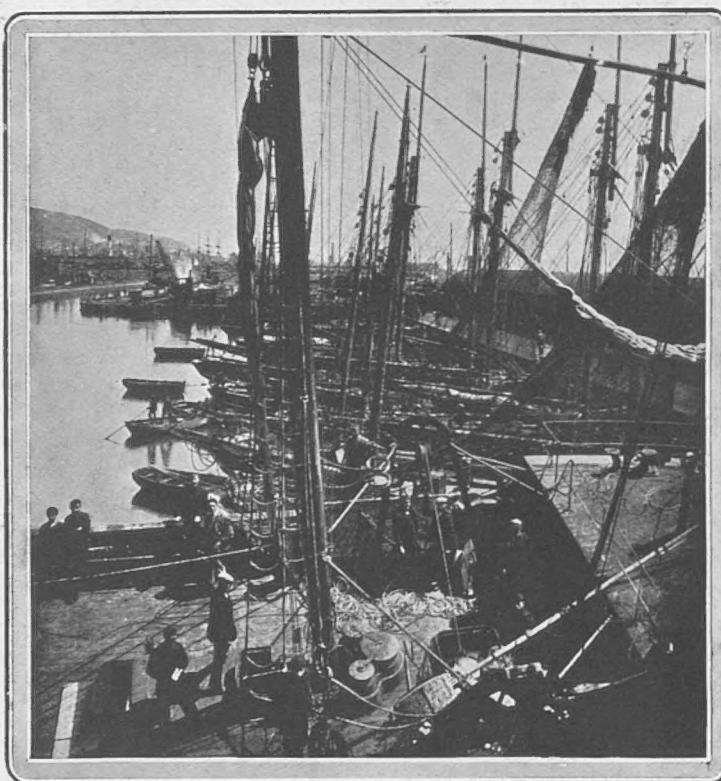
"SWANSEA, you may depend upon it, will become the ocean port of England." That striking prophecy was made by the late Lord Swansea when he laid the foundation-stone of Swansea's last new dock.

Optimistic as was that utterance, based on considerations of its geographical position, even Lord Swansea himself, could he revisit the city from which he took his title, would probably be astonished at the great developments which have been made towards achieving that distinction under the fostering care of the Swansea Harbour Trust, which has expended a sum of some £3,343,000 on the docks in a period of under sixty years.

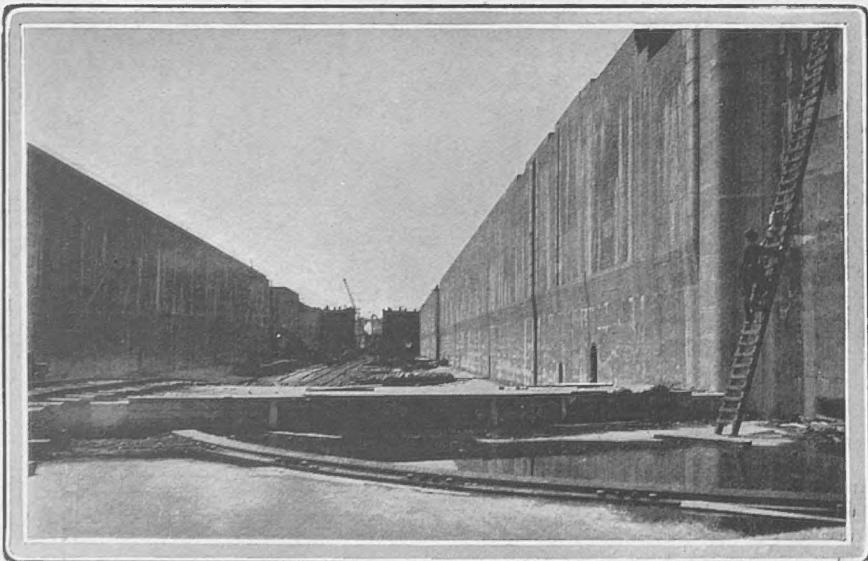
Incredible as it may seem to the public which knows the city as the greatest port in the United Kingdom for patent fuel and tin-plate, it is nevertheless a fact that the first dock was not projected until 1844, and not opened until 1851. In that year the second or South Dock was commenced, and was opened eight years later. In 1866 and 1872 the trustees extended the pier, and deepened the entrance channel, and in 1879 they began the Prince of Wales' Dock, which was opened after an interval of three years. The growth of the size of the docks themselves in that time is significant, for while the first had a water area of fourteen acres, and the second of seventeen acres, that of the Prince of Wales' Dock was twenty-seven and a half acres. So great, however, has been the need of increased accommodation that the trustees have been forced to more than double the accommodation in order to cope with the modern development of the port's shipping. To this end the new dock, appropriately named "the King's," after his Majesty, is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, the contractors being induced to curtail the period stipulated for in their contract by handsome bonuses. The first turf of this dock was cut by his Majesty in 1904, and it will be opened next year, by which time over two millions sterling will have been expended on it, the vast undertaking having been financed by the banking house of Messrs. Frederick J. Benson and Co. Then, Swansea will have the largest quay-space of any dock in the United Kingdom, for it will cover an area of sixty-eight acres with a quayage of thirteen thousand five hundred lineal feet, so that its berthing accommodation will probably also be the greatest



THE GENERAL OFFICES OF THE SWANSEA HARBOUR TRUST.



SWANSEA'S NEW FISHING INDUSTRY: A TYPICAL VIEW,
TAKEN IN AUGUST OF THIS YEAR.



THE GREAT KING'S DOCK LOCK: THE GATES UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

in the United Kingdom. The entrance lock will be eight hundred and seventy-five feet long, and ninety-five feet wide, and there will be a depth of forty feet of water at high-water spring tides, and thirty-two feet at high-water neap tides, so that the largest vessels which are likely to be built will be able to enter the dock at any tide and any time.

This is an important consideration when it is remembered that a larger number of steam-ship lines run to and from Swansea than to any other port in the Bristol Channel; so that it would be almost, if not quite, impossible for anyone desiring to voyage to a given port not to be able to find a vessel which was leaving Swansea to go thither.

Hitherto there has been a limit in the size of the vessel which could be accommodated in the old docks, but the opening of the new King's will change this. Owners will, therefore, be able to use the port for their largest boats to their great advantage, for there is no district in which fuel can be obtained more cheaply than in Swansea. Within a radius of about fifteen miles of the city

there are some four hundred and fifty collieries and works, and the coalfield immediately behind the town, which has only recently been developed vigorously, is calculated to furnish whatever fuel may be necessary for centuries to come. Besides the great staple trades of tin-plate, copper, and steel, there are manufactories of almost every metal known, and great flour-mills, all of which induce trade of a magnificent character. So many are the trades dealt with at the docks—including, in addition to those already mentioned and their adjuncts, the building trade, the agricultural trade, the chemical trade, and the trade in vegetable and animal products used for food and manufacturing purposes, etc.—and so large is the scale of operation of the shipping that, although throughout the country everyone has been talking of decreasing trade, yet during the last month the Swansea Harbour Trust had an increase of seventy-two thousand tons when compared with the corresponding month last year. This in itself is the most eloquent testimony of the way in which the trustees have done and are doing their work, which, when completed, will make Swansea a port of which not only the country but the Empire may be proud. For their motto may be written in the one word "Advance," as their method of procedure may be written in the one word "Thorough."

MY HAT! A CREATION THAT WILL STAGGER HUMANITY.



FOURTEEN FEET ROUND AND PRICED AT £120: THE GIGANTIC HAT MISS MADGE TEMPLE IS WEARING AT THE COLISEUM.

The hat, which, as we have noted, is valued at £120, is fourteen feet in circumference, is of straw, and is trimmed with fifteen ostrich-feathers of old-rose colour. It is four feet larger in circumference than Miss Marie Lloyd's big hat, and eight feet larger than Miss Marie George's. If the milliner's creations continue to grow at the pace they are growing now, both stage and stalls will have to be enlarged.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

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• BRUMMELL • IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER *By COSMO HAMILTON*

"I 'm bobbing up again, d'y'see. I knew what would happen." Standing in the middle of my dressing-room in the spring in a suit of most dangerous night things, designed after one of the songs without words, I shook a forefinger at myself, slanted an ear towards the gaudy volume that bore my name—I read it night and morning with much quiet enjoyment—and said it. Not with any show of anger, if you follow me. But gravely, knowing full well, what it meant. It just came to me as similar flashes of almost eerie prophetism come to all really great minds, and I said, "Bee, old man, my dear old Bee, you're no longer a private person with no visible means of subsistence. You're a cult."

What? And it is so. The rude shock over, I went on as well as could be expected, and I've now quite got over the surprise of being consulted on epoch-making matters by men who are bulls and not outers. See what I mean? I dictate letters to young Oxford on the really important things of life—waistcoat-buttons, and so forth. Some of 'em are inspired with high endeavour, and may yet be rescued from the book-habit. I answer telephone calls from the few remaining hall-marked Peeresses as to the Shaftesbury Avenue Peeresses they must avoid, and put in a lot of good work all round. It was, I tell you, dash horrible, b'Jove, to wake up one bright morning and find that I had a stake in the country; but, as the talkative jokers used to say in the years B.B.—before barbers: "Be sure your good works will find you out." So there it is, d'y'see.

Of course I know full well that by being useful I'm breaking the first unwritten law of my class. The only comfort I get is in throwing an eye back into the pages of history. I find myself in pretty good company. There's Richard of the Lion Heart, Bunyan, Wellington, Leno, and Arthur Balfour. But my punishment will come after I cease to be all right. Don't worry. I shall be rediscovered a few years hence by some unwieldy journalist, who runs his sword-stick through fixed ideas and wraps up the naked obvious in a sort of tartan of paradox. Oh, rather!

I've not Brummelled since the end of last season, and during the period that various country houses assuaged my hunger I've put in an immense amount of time to my new hobby—I mean thinking, of course. What? Wherefore—I bagged wherefore like that from the precious school, the little, elderly-youthful fellers who wear the wrong thing at the right moment, spend themselves on one precocious article a week, and do a rest-cure at the Savile all the rest of it—I've got some very, very witty things to say, believe me.

First of all, I must relieve my mind—mind is now, to my surprise, the word—about trousers. There are few things more essential on this earth than trousers. That, I take it, I needn't argue about. Very well, then. As in everything else, there is the trouser and the abomination. Leaving the second crop of sweet-

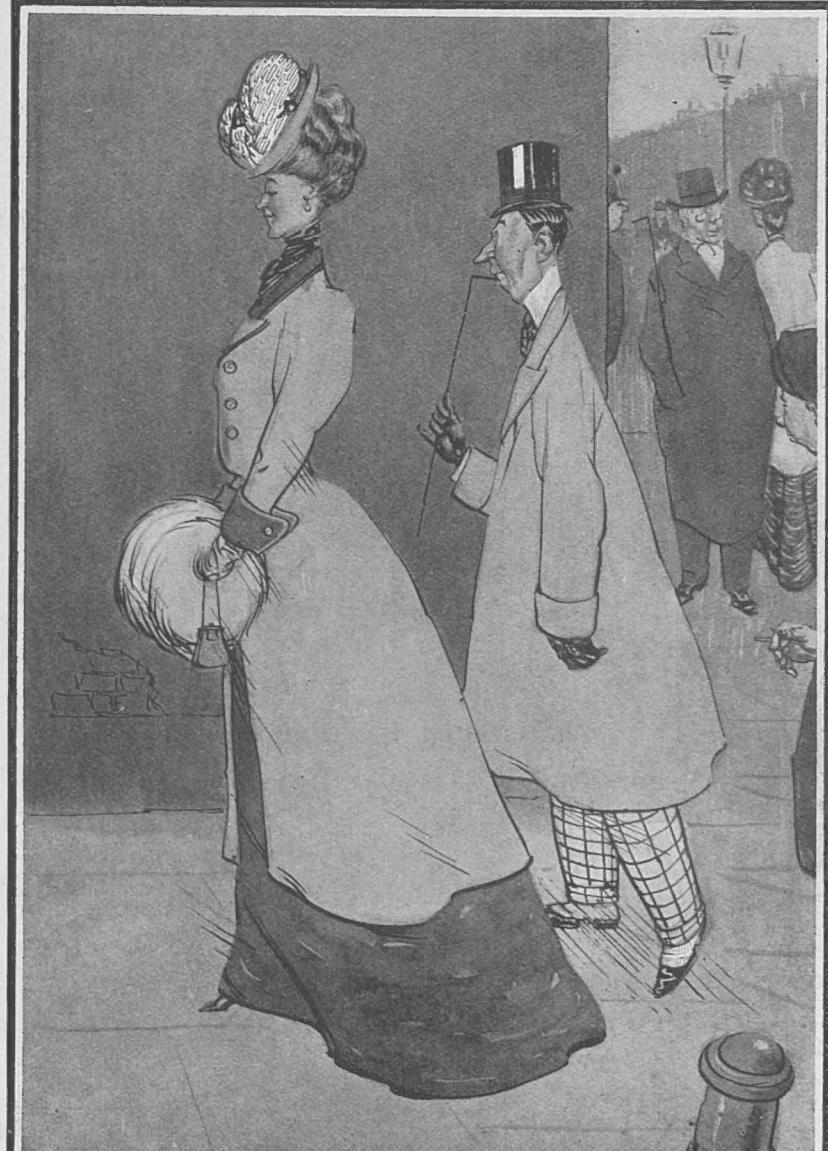
peas and the white mists in the country, I got back to London last Tuesday. A man I know, who has a laugh worth a guinea and sells it for two stalls, took me to see the first production of a play done by the greatest actor we've got—of course, I mean Wyndham. The play kept me awake, but—now listen to this, please—the trousers, which supplied the plot, filled my mind with Anglo-Indian words of anger.

Well, well, indescribable sadness comes to us all, but am I to speak in vain for all time? Didn't I issue a manifesto on this frightfully important matter only a month ago? Look at the bill

of a theatre. Before you can find any reference to the things people pay to see—play and actors, and those things—you see that there are a proprietor, a sole-lessee-and-manager, a general manager, a stage-manager, a music-manager, a producer, a secretary, and a master carpenter. If you're in the habit of stalking, you may run to earth the name of the author. But where, I ask, is the despot, the man with two eyes who sometimes walks about among alive men and women, who will lay down his life, if necessary, in the beautiful service of trousers? I ask where, and pause.... No answer; well, I suppose I must sail on again—eh, what? Well, it's lamentable. The trousers were nothing of the sort. They were coverings—nothing more. Not only the man "Bellamy," who is a very civilised man, but all the other characters had things on that were at least four inches too tight all the way down. It ruined my evening. Until I speak again the trouser must be *as wide at the top as it is over the boot, cut in two exquisite stove-pipe lines*. Otherwise ostracism.

I pretty nearly left London. I pretty nearly became a nuisance. Only the strongest effort of will, a big man on my left, and a female golf champion on my right—that's what I took her to be, because she wore braid on her cloak and Dolly Varden mittens—prevented a scene. Well, at any rate, I was driven to the Empire the next evening, simply because in the pieces there is never the ghost of a sign of trousers. What? I found a ballet on, called "Faust." The thing had evidently been coached by the Paddington Electric Supply Company. Jolly well, too, by Jove! Everything leaked electricity, even pens; but the solo dancer wasn't up to his usual form, and the new idea of having words in ballet bored me all manner of shapes. Everyone suffered from frightful spasms of talk, a good deal of which one couldn't help hearing.

Old M. wouldn't stop. Even when the ballet were doing their tricks on the wires, or the floating hair and wail business, b'Jove out he bobbed and let rip. The music drowned him sometimes, and the shifter fellers at others; but it was no earthly use. If they're going to introduce jaw into the ballet as well as into ordinary pieces, do you see what's going to happen? I'll tell you. You and dear old Bee will devote our off evenings to cinematograph shows, eh? I mean we shall have to, b'Jove!



PORTRAIT OF THE TALENTED ACTRESS MISS BLANKLOOK AND HER BEAUTIFUL PEDIGREE PUPPY.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



IT is strange how trifling details concerning places remain in one's memory when the important features have grown dim. Thinking of Sofia, the capital of the new King of Bulgaria, the first matter to come back to me is the remembrance of the difficulty of getting a bath in what was then the principal hotel of the place. The only servants in

the hotel who talked any language besides Bulgarian were the hall-porter, the head-waiter, and an old woman who was a sort of head chambermaid. I asked for a bath when I arrived at the hotel, after a night journey from Belgrade, and the old woman told me she thought there was one in the store-room. I waited and waited, but no bath came, and at last the old woman reappeared to say that a careless porter had knocked a hole in the bath, but that a young Englishman in the hotel had borrowed the bath of the other Englishman who was staying in the house, and that perhaps I might have the loan of it afterwards. I discovered that the *Times* correspondent in the Balkans, who was used to travelling in bathless countries, always carried a collapsible india-rubber bath

TAKER OF "SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS": ARCHDEACON COLLEY, OF STOCKTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

The Archdeacon, closing a sermon on Spiritualism at Manchester the other day, exhibited a number of what he described as spirit photographs. One of these photographs showed the Archdeacon's mother, who died fifty years ago, and was never photographed during her life. The photographs were taken, said the Archdeacon, without a camera.—[Photograph by Halftones.]

about with him, and that the young Guardsman who had come to Bulgaria to see the army manœuvres had discovered the fact before I had.

Another little detail which made a mark on my memory in Sofia was that the sentries outside the royal palace stood on little wooden footstools, just like the *petits bancs* which the *ouvreuses* bring to ladies in the Paris theatres. It was unusual, and an Englishman is always apt to laugh at the unusual when he sees it abroad; but it was pointed out to me that the little stools kept the feet of the sentries dry in wet weather, and that, should a crowd assemble in front of the palace, the sentries were able to look on to and over them.

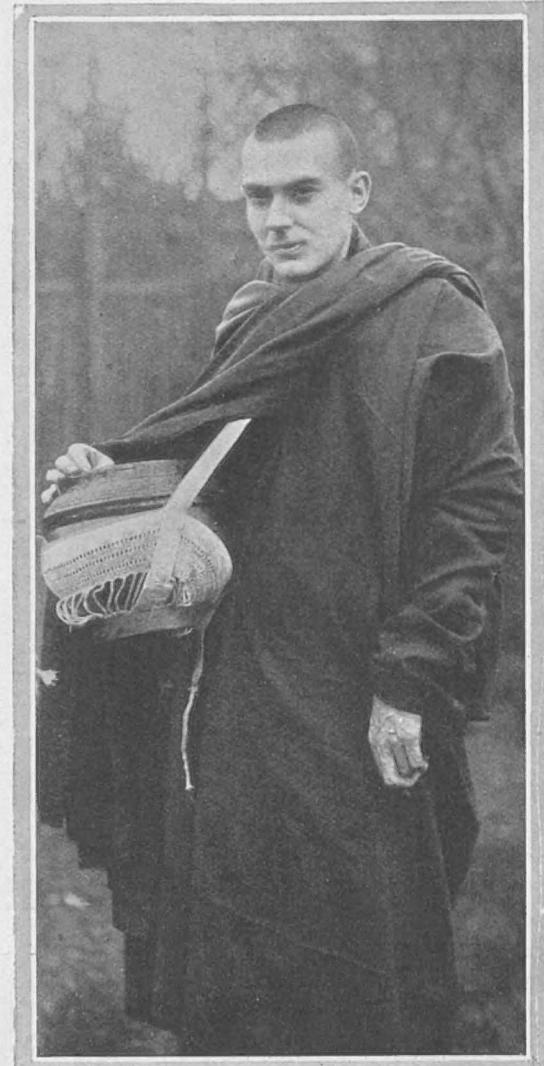
Sofia is the city in Europe where East and West meet and jostle each other. The Crescent drove the Cross out of Bulgaria at one time, and now the Cross has pushed back the Crescent. One of the most interesting buildings in the town is an old cathedral, which the Turks converted into a mosque, and which the Christians have left as a ruin because there is a passion for everything new in Sofia. The post-carts in the city are the very latest type of motor vehicle, and on the long road which leads from the railway-station to the

town I saw a uniformed chauffeur vainly blowing his "hooter" as a request to a springless wooden cart drawn by buffaloes, with brass ornaments between their horns and great strings of blue beads round their necks, to get out of the way. The peasant, in embroidered garments, who directed the movements of the buffaloes with a goad, took no notice whatever of the motor-car and its driver. The pace of a buffalo had always been the pace of traffic on Bulgarian roads, and he was not going to pull out of the way for any new-fangled invention.

I have no doubt that now Sofia is an entirely modern city. Two years ago the old picturesque one-storied buildings, with a high palisading—very useful as a defence if the opposition faction came to murder the owner—were being pulled down, and their place taken by ornate houses copied from Austrian models. In one year over a thousand new houses were built. The theatre was the newest of all the new buildings when I saw it. A beautiful royal box, projecting well forward, is one of the features of the interior of this, and I admired this very much. The gentleman who was showing me round did not seem as enthusiastic as I was. He smiled grimly. "Anyone sitting in it is a little too good a target," he said; and when I praised the balcony outside the theatre, where the Prince

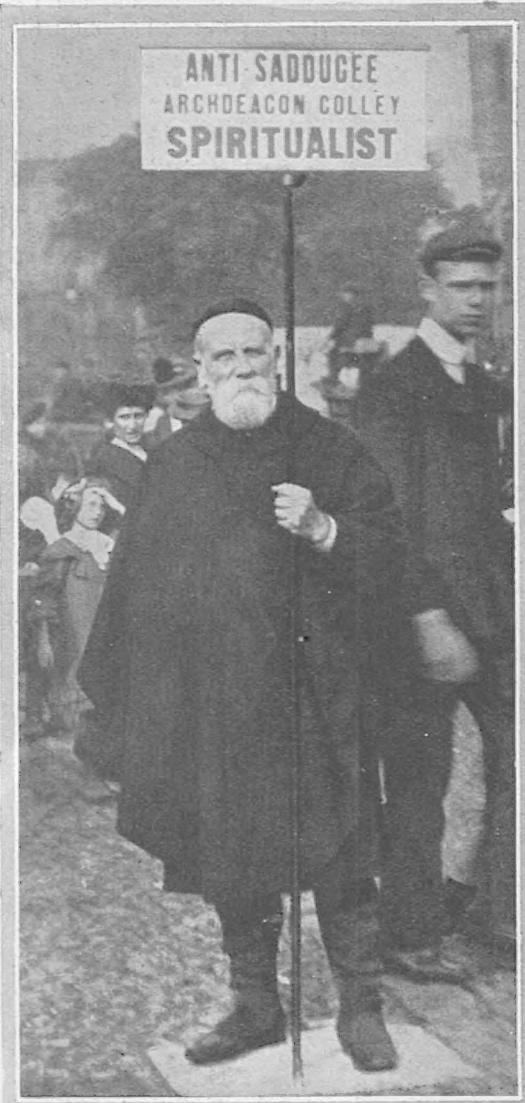
could show himself to his people, I was told that the balcony was more likely than anything else to stir up a riot some day. My guide and friend knew his Sofia. It was the appearance of the Prince in this balcony which one evening set the students shouting. The shouts of the students brought the police down upon them, and the sequel to the riot was the murder of the Prime Minister.

I was introduced to the director of the theatre, who was the busiest man I have ever seen. He managed to talk to architects and mechanicians, the leader of the orchestra, the scene-painter, a sculptor, and the foreman of the works all at the same time, and told me at intervals of his ambitions. He had come from Prague, and he was going to foster the musical and the dramatic talent of Bulgaria by producing Bulgarian operas and tragedies. He placed a great roll of type-written script in my hands and asked me to read it. It was the ode written by the great Bulgarian poet, which was to be recited at the opening of the theatre. I left the building hurriedly.



THE SCOTTISH BUDDHIST WHO HAS BEEN SEEKING CONVERTS IN THIS COUNTRY: THE REV. BIKKHU ANANDA METTEYYA.

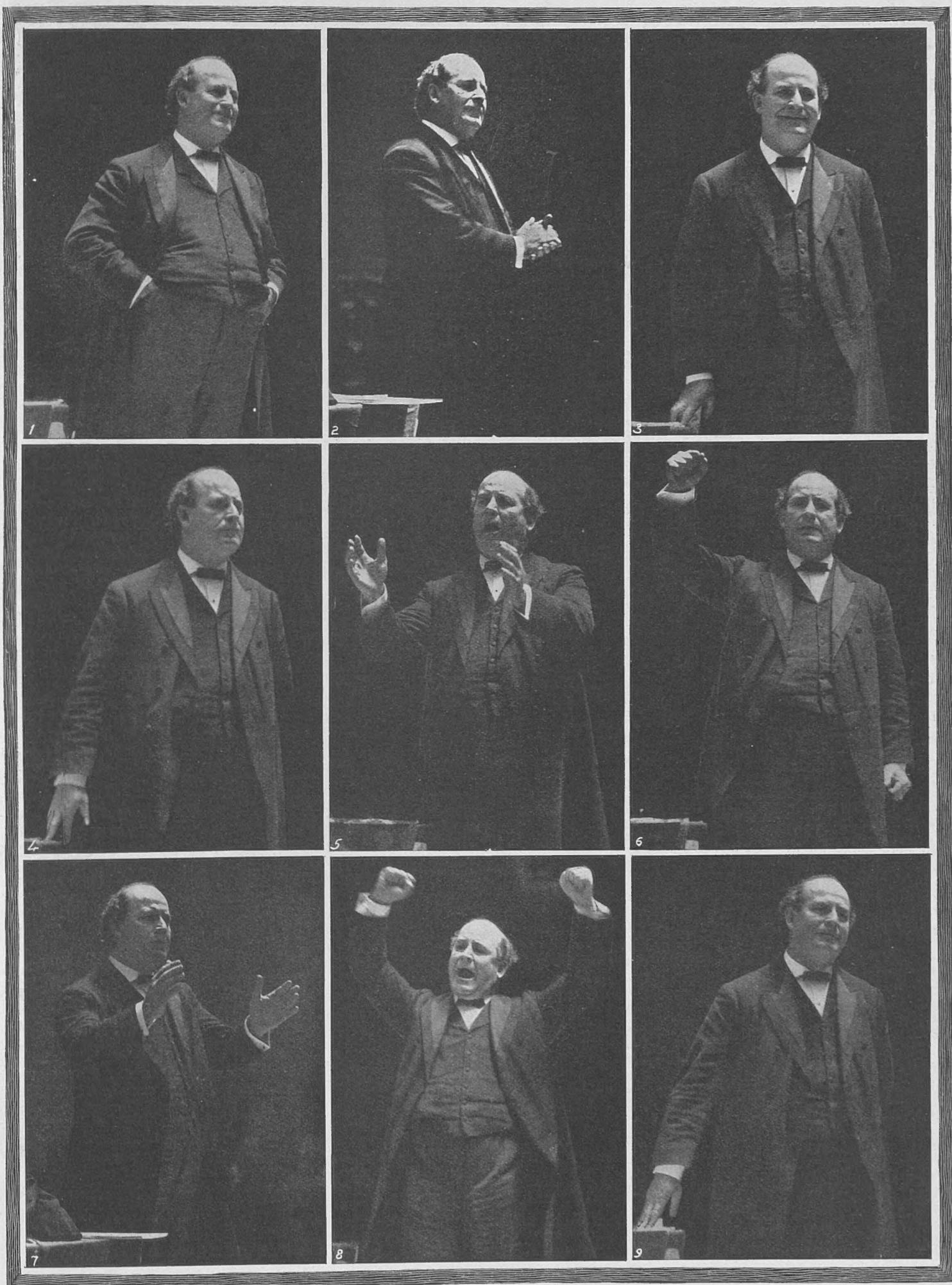
Mr. Metteyya is a Scot who embraced Buddhism some time ago, and has been in this country giving lectures on that religion. Acting according to Buddhist custom, he reads his lectures while seated. In emphasising the power of Buddhism, he said the other day, speaking of Burma, "Although there are no millionaires, there is not a single starving child, and throughout the whole country there could not be found as much preventable misery as exists in a single London slum."—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



ANTI-SADDUCEE ARCHDEACON COLLEY SPIRITUALIST

IN COMPETITION WITH MR. TAFT'S SMILE: MR. BRYAN SPEAKS.

STUDIES OF THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES MAKING A SPEECH.



1. HE OPENS BY SMILING SWEETLY,
4. HIS OPPONENTS COME UNDER THE LASH,
7. PEACE IS NOT FOR SUCH AS THEY.

2. GROWS SERIOUS FOR A WHILE,
5. AND HORROR IS EXPRESSED AT THEIR MISDEEDS,
8. MOST CERTAINLY THEY SHOULD BE GIVEN GINGER.

3. AND IS ALL SACCHARINE AGAIN.
6. WHICH SHOULD BE PUT DOWN WITH A FIRM HAND.
9. "STILL, AFTER ALL, I'M SURE TO GET IN."

It is said that Mr. Taft's smile is guaranteed to captivate any audience, and when he came before a meeting the other night a workman, knowing that he was by no means a good speaker, called out, "Don't speak, Billy; you will do better if you smile." Mr. Taft smiled at once, to the joy of the audience, who applauded vigorously. His rival, Mr. Bryan, can smile also, as our photographs show. We cannot think that this smile will last if he ever turns editor, as it is just possible he may. The proprietor of the "Denver Post" has offered him the editorship of his newspaper, at a salary of £2400 a year, should he be defeated. Mr. Bryan is a journalist, and may accept the offer.

Photographs by the Pictorial News Company.



THE WEDDING OF
THE HEIRESS OF
MACLEOD OF MACLEOD: MISS
PAULINE MACLEOD, WHO IS EN-
GAGED TO MR. NICOL MARTIN.

Miss MacLeod is the elder daughter and heiress of MacLeod of MacLeod. Her wedding is to take place at Dunvegan, Isle of Skye, the oldest inhabited house in the United Kingdom.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

always had been, and always will be there. Some Peers, indeed, are hardly known to their fellows; they go seldom to Westminster; and, when they die, the obituary notice in the Press is hastily skimmed and hastily forgotten. Nobody cares about their successors, unless those successors succeed in another sense of the word, and make fine speeches or write fine books. The indifference is mutual. But perhaps not one Peer in a hundred has noted that the reigning Lord Petre has not troubled to take his seat; and, from what we hear, he has no present intention of taking it.

*The Case of
Lord Herries.*

The case of the late Lord Herries is dif-

ferent. He made an average attendance; he occasionally took part in debates; and he had the ear of the Lobby, where everybody liked him and cared to have his opinion, which happened to be a very good one on a variety of topics—on heraldry and horticulture, on ritual and re-afforesting, on archaeology and the last mode and code of popular modern education. Lord Herries' place is vacant perforce, for with him the peerage in the male line becomes extinct.

His pleasant presence will be greatly missed; his amiable character will rank among the longer of the House's unofficial memories. His Peer's robes pass into the possession of his daughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, almost as a relic. They are finer robes, by the way, than any which the late Peer's mother thought it right to wear. She set out to be a dress-reformer, all on the side of sobriety. From Everingham she issued her fiat against fashion: there was to be an end

of extravagance, and the poor should know the difference and reap the benefit. Though a very orthodox lady in other respects, in this particular, as all milliners thought, she perpetrated a great "Herriesy"; and heresies have a way of decaying. Nobody followed suit—a plain-cut suit of brown or grey; nobody carries on the tradition of simplicity, not even her

THE WED-
DING OF
THE HEIRESS
OF MACLEOD OF MACLEOD: MR.
NICOL MARTIN, WHO IS ENGAGED
TO MISS PAULINE MACLEOD.

Mr. Martin, like the father of his bride-elect, is a Highland chieftain. His seat is not far from Dunvegan, so the future Mrs. Martin will be very near her old home—a fact which is particularly pleasing to her.

granddaughter, the Duchess of Norfolk, whose sables cost a king's ransom. Oh, these grandpas and these grandmamas, if only they realised how surely the aforesaid law of reaction gets to work!

John Burns and Beau Nash.

When Mr.

John Burns

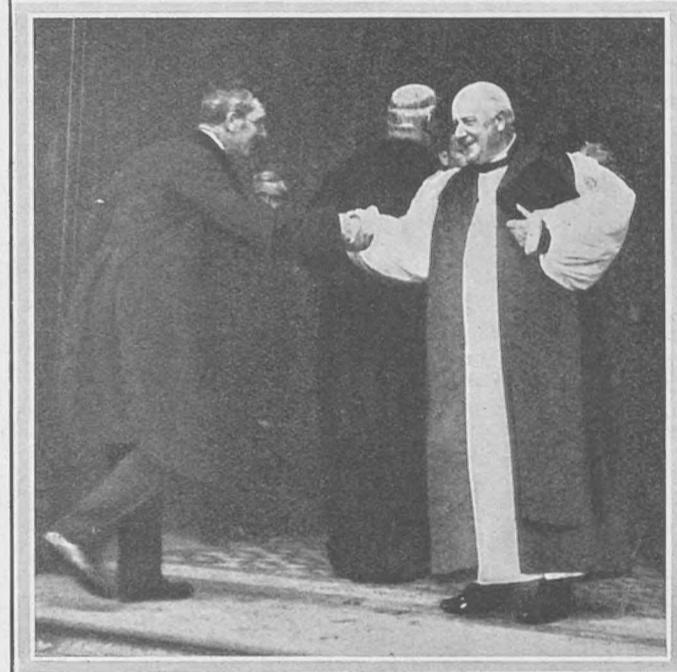
accepts our birthday congratulations he will, perhaps, smile, remembering how different were the manners and the mantle of one who shares with him the honours of the day. Beau Nash's birthday greeting came to him in bygone years on the same date—October 18.

*The Divinity of the
Paris Stage.*

Hasthe Divine
Sarah—to
whom on the

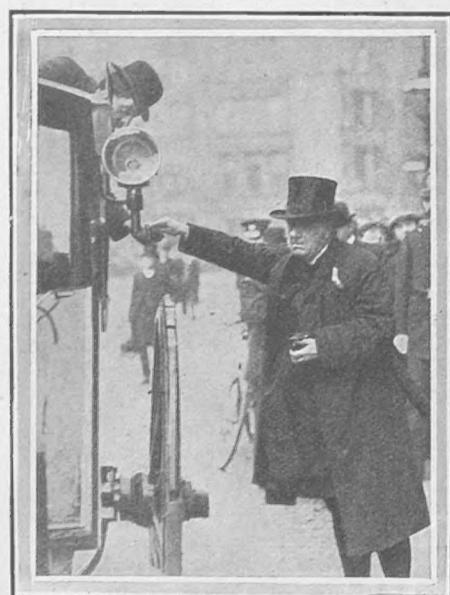
22nd we offer our birthday congratulations—really reached that perturbed age when it becomes

necessary to repudiate reports of indisposition? "Mme. Bernhardt wishes it to be known that, contrary to general report, the state of her health is excellent." So may it be! There are some women who never do grow old; and everybody ranks Mme. Bernhardt among them. If ever she is proved to have come even to middle age—and many divinities own to middle age—she will perhaps have had time to forget the most youthful of her adventures; indeed, I suspect that the coffin in which the young actress rested to her own content has already been relegated to an attic. The coffin reminds one of the exquisitely chased dagger carried by Baudelaire that he might elegantly rid himself of the burden of life when he would. It was, needless to say, rusty and forgotten when the poet came by his very natural death.



THE BEATIFIC BISHOP: THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER RECEIVING
GUESTS DURING THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE BISHOP'S MOVE: BISHOP THORNTON
OF BLACKBURN AT MANCHESTER.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE SUFFRAGETTE'S MOVE: MISS GATHORPE
TACKLING THE DEAN OF ABERDEEN.

Photograph by Halftones.

BIRDS AS RACE-HORSES: OSTRICHES IN A TROTTING-MATCH.



1. A RACE IN PROGRESS: OSTRICHES ENGAGED IN A TROTTING-MATCH—NEW YORK'S LATEST AMUSEMENT.

2. A HARNESSSED AND HOODED RACE-OSTRICH 3. A RACE-OSTRICH, SHOWING THE REINS BY WHICH IT IS GUIDED; AND OTHER HARNESS. 4. "UP" ON AN OSTRICH A CHANGE FROM TROTTING.

5. AN OSTRICH IN RACING TRIM

6. PUTTING AN OSTRICH BETWEEN THE SHAFTS.

The matching of ostriches in trotting-races is New York's latest amusement. The birds are hooded till the moment of the start.
Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



MRS. G. W. F. EXHAM (FORMERLY MISS ZAVERTAL), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Exham was Miss Luise May Zavertal, and is the daughter of Commandatore Zavertal, formerly of the Royal Artillery, and well known as a composer.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

doing, evening receptions given by the wife of another politician, the Marquess of Ripon, before the days when he, too, betook himself to red bricks and Chelsea—a riverside habitation that is not, let us hope, responsible for the attack of rheumatism that has a little interfered with his sport at Studley Royal. But the interior of Mr. Balfour's house used to be familiar enough to Mr. Winston Churchill, as it was to his father before him; and Mr. Balfour still helps to maintain the Tory flavour that ought by rights to pervade the precincts of the clubs called "Carlton." The headquarters of Constitutionalism provide a perfect constitutional in the way of a walk to the House of Lords or—what concerns Mr. Winston Churchill for the present—the House of Commons. The stroll down the steps past the Duke of York's Column gives the pedestrian a greensward, and even swans, nearly all the way; but Disraeli, whose taste ran to peacocks, called that route "d— dull," and preferred to go round by Whitehall,

CROWNS AND CORONETS COURTIERS



MR. G. W. F. EXHAM, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS LUISE ZAVERTAL TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mr. Exham is in the Royal Engineers.

Photograph by Lafayette.

CARLTON House Terrace is a sort of domestic Mecca for politicians, and Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have known some of its drawing-rooms of old. They are too young to have breakfasted there with Mr. Gladstone to talk about Dr. Döllinger; or to have dined with "Granny," the name by which Lord Granville is not forgotten; or to have attended, as we can remember

bands of Frenchmen who came in thousands to the White City and in hundreds to the Westminster Cathedral. The wonted inhabitant is in residence and in restaurant. The Ritz has its familiar faces; and Piccadilly is frequented by the old and the young familiars. The London of reunions is a pleasant place, though the men back

from the moorshave brought some of the mist of the moors back with them. Even Buckingham Palace looks less dreary when the King is back in it; but at best it is an unimaginative barrack, and the sooner it is replaced by a fitting fabric the better pleased will everybody be: before you build greatly, you must first catch your great architect. He, if one may judge by recent public buildings, has left town permanently; he does not hear the call of the season.

The London Habit. The London habit is easily resumed by the returning citizen; it

may be doubted if he ever quite throws it off when he is away. A Londoner once, a Londoner for ever. Still, before settling down into the daily routine, little breaks are allowed to the most loyal townsman. The Prince and Princess of Wales are among London's lovers; but they were hardly back from Scotland before they left Marlborough House for Dorsetshire, on a brief visit to Lord and Lady Shaftesbury. The country round



MRS. CLIVE GRAY (FORMERLY MISS IRENE PALMER), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST SATURDAY.

Mrs. Gray is the daughter of the late Sir Elwin Palmer and Lady Palmer. Her father was one of Lord Cromer's chief assistants in Cairo, and was Governor of the National Bank of Egypt. Mr. Clive Gray belongs to the 1st Seaforth Highlanders.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

himself impassive, but all the time the observer—sometimes the subconscious observer—of the faces that passed him.

"Mrs. Winston" Enchanted.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, whose phrases—and they are charming and are many—have all been put to hard service in the multitudinous greetings she received on her return to town, had but one sentiment to express for Venice: she was "delighted" and "enchanted" by the city of honeymoons.

London Itself Again.

London begins to look itself again. If the foreign visitor still predominates in the great hotels, the streets are cleared of the roving

about St. Giles has a romantic interest, and now also a practical one—for Lord Shaftesbury is as busy on schemes for reclaiming waste lands as ever his grandfather was on plans for rescuing the waifs of the slums. Lady Shaftesbury—who is Lady Grosvenor's daughter, and therefore a delightful hostess—is one of the few great friends of the Princess, whom she once served as a Lady of the Bedchamber. The Princess has become of late years the greatest reader of the royal family, and Lady Shaftesbury has an intelligent appreciation of books. Lord Shaftesbury, like his wife, is very "High" Church; a commonly remarked reaction in the grandchildren of the very "Low."



MISS CICELY HORN, WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE HON. GEORGE LAMPTON.

Miss Horner's maternal grandfather earned renown as patron of the Pre-Raphaelites in the days in which they were laughed at. Her sister is Mrs. Raymond Asquith. By the marriage, also, Mr. Lambton will become first cousin to Mr. Reginald McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, as Mrs. McKenna is a niece of Lady Horner.—[Photograph by Beresford.]



THE HON. GEORGE LAMPTON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS CICELY HORN.

Mr. Lambton is a brother of the Earl of Durham, and is probably the only "Honourable" who has become a professional trainer of race-horses. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Sherwood Foresters. He has always been a keen lover of the Turf, and won many a race before he turned gentleman trainer.

Photograph by Sherborn.

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TWO MORE FORTUNES WASTED ON THE DESERT AIR!

TIGHT-ROPE WALKING THAT MIGHT PROVE A LITTLE GOLD-MINE.



1. WALKING A TIGHT-ROPE WITH BULLOCKS' HORNS AS STILTS.

2. A REMARKABLE BOUND FROM A TIGHT-ROPE.

It may be remembered that a few weeks ago we gave some photographs of the hammock-dance, and remarked that the dancer was literally wasting a fortune on the desert air, for any music-hall would welcome him and pay him well. The two Indians here shown may be said to be doing the same thing.

Photographs by Chadwick.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**The Divine Right
of Kings.**

Events in the Near East give a curious interpretation of "the divine right of kings." The Turks can scarcely complain, except on the ground of vested interests. They popped up in Macedonia one fine day seven centuries ago, and by the sword gradually won territories extending from the Danube to the Cataracts of the Nile, and from the Euphrates to the borders of Morocco. Tactics sharper than the sword are now adding to their losses, and Bulgaria and Bosnia - Herzegovina change flags as Greece, Servia, Roumania, Egypt, Samos, and Cyprus and other-day possessions in Africa have changed. Change of rule in Morocco and Norway mark other variants of rulers' divine rights; but only King Ferdinand has had the forethought to command divine approbation of a dynastic juggle.

to say pretty much what the phrenologist claims to be able to say. Thus if a man be fair and intends to travel in tropical climes, it would be a goodish investment to insure his life: the fair cannot live in the heat, while the darker man can. But the dark man can stay at home and succeed as an actor. The balance of success is greatly on the side of the dark-hued actor. Again, he may look with hope to a career as a religious reformer. The bays in political agitation and social reform are for the fair man. Artists and sailors are fair, so are men of science; only here, as in other directions, you get startling exceptions which knock the classification into a cocked hat. That is the fault of the exceptions; the men who do the classifying note those exceptions with grief, and cast round for fresh data to maintain the average.

A Trump Card. The new combination in the international kaleidoscope has been a fine surprise for the knowing ones. Not even the Turks, who are as expert as most of us in diplomatic trickery, had quite foreseen this. They believe that some day they will get notice to quit Constantinople, and it is said that the very gate is built by which they will for ever leave their capital. But they did not expect this

His House in Order. The French Government is face to face with the need for expending close on a million sterling in making good the main roads leading to and from Paris. We do not hear of their praying that another Haussmann may arise in their midst. English motorists, however, are sighing for a Haussmann for England and her highways. Haussmann undoubtedly did splendid work for the beautifying of Paris, but his work cost the citizens £35,000,000—and that, not inability to work, caused his dismissal. A Haussmann at work here would break not himself only, but the Government which appointed him. Still, those who love Paris must cherish a kindly thought for the man who gave the gay capital its noble boulevards and fine bridges and good drainage system.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE FASHION FROM PARIS: A NEW GOWN DRAPED IN A MANNER THAT SUGGESTS THE TOGA.

Photograph by Branger.

latest move. Apparently, they have looked for some great combination of the Powers against them which would realise the prophecy of Moltke, that a universal war will be fought under the walls of Constantinople. Said Pasha looked for the great war, but had a move up his sleeve by which he was to divert the war from the walls of Constantinople.

He drew Sir William White's attention to the conflict of creeds among the Christian sects in Palestine. "Now," he said, "if ever there came a time when the nations of Europe thought fit to combine against Turkey, I have a sovereign remedy at hand: all that would be needed would be to withdraw our sentinels in Jerusalem at Easter, and the train would be laid for a whole series of wars between the different Powers of Christendom." Said Pasha knew his Christendom.

Pigment and Professor Personality. Church's lecture before the Royal Academy to-morrow on the "composition, classification, and interaction of pigments" will interest the art student rather than the psychologist. The latter is, however, attracted to the subject of pigmentation, for by a man's shade of colour the expert is able, or believes himself able,



ANOTHER REMARKABLE FASHION FROM PARIS: A NEW GOWN DRAPED IN A MANNER THAT SUGGESTS THE TOGA.

Photograph by Branger.



ANOTHER REMARKABLE FASHION FROM PARIS: A NEW GOWN WITH ONE OF THE LARGE MUFFS NOW IN VOGUE.

Photograph by Branger.

Amateur Detectives. The Reminiscences of Inspector Drew, of Scotland Yard, so far as they have as yet been published, make rather disappointing stuff. He must have in reserve better material than he has given to the papers for publication. Of course, the Sherlock Holmes method does not appear in the work of the average tracker of criminals. Fiction methods do not, as a rule, work out in real life according to formula; and the theories of the amateur detective never seem to lead far. Professor Churton Collins was one of the amateur experts; yet, so far as is known, he never evolved a workable clue. Sir Conan Doyle threw himself into the maiming cases, and helped to establish the innocence of the man accused; but he was unable to lead the police to the track of the real criminal.

THE WALLABY — NOT WITH THE RUGBY TEAM IN THIS COUNTRY. The Australian Rugby football team now visiting this country are known as the Wallabies. The wallaby, it may be noted, is the general native name of the smaller kangaroos of Australia. To be "on the wallaby" in Australia means to be out of work, in search of a job.

Photograph by W. S. Berridge.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN OR BEAST.



WILLIE WALKER (*gazing at one of the secret marks of his order*) : 'Ere's a go! I've lost me code-book, and can't remember whether this means "bulldog" or "a free meal."

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE-WILSON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN on Thursday evening the curtain goes up at the Shaftesbury Theatre for Mr. H. B. Irving's season it will almost seem as if time has put back the hands of the clock. Not only will the honoured name of Irving be once again associated in London with the dual parts of the noble-minded

Lesurques and the brandy-bibbing brute Dubosc, but several of the actors who were last seen with Sir Henry Irving — like Mr. Frank Tyars, Mr. Tom Reynolds, and Mr. Charles Dods-worth — will appear in support of the great actor's son. Moreover, the whole production will be exactly like that of the Lyceum, for the same scenery, the same dresses, and the same appointments will be used, and there will be all the old Lyceum completeness of detail and all the old Lyceum cunning of lighting. In playing his father's parts,



"THE MOLLUSC" ON TOUR: MISS ANNIE HUGHES AS MRS. BAXTER.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

Mr. Irving has found that emotionally "The Bells" is the most fatiguing play, but "The Lyons Mail," with its constant changes of dress, is the most tiring physically. On the other hand, "Louis XI." relieved as the part is with sardonic humour, is not nearly so trying, and "Charles I." is the lightest of the four.

Apropos of Mr. Irving's appearance in "The Lyons Mail," it is an interesting fact that it was the first play he ever saw in Paris, for it was being acted at the Porte St. Martin Theatre on his earliest visit to that city. Another interesting fact in the history of the play is that when Sir Henry Irving was first associated with it he acted the part of the young lover, Didier. It was Sir Henry's first appearance in Dublin, and a startling appearance too, for, as soon as he came on the stage, the audience in the cheaper parts of the house broke out into a volley of hisses. The reason was in no way condemnatory of Sir Henry's acting—for he had not begun to act—and it was in no way personal to himself. It was a protest. It appears he was taking the place of an actor who was a great popular favourite, and had been discharged from the company.

In producing "The Last Heir," Mr. Martin Harvey must inevitably be reminded of his association with the previous dramatisation of "The Bride of Lammermoor," which Sir Henry Irving produced at the Lyceum. Although it was the only play in which he was not originally cast during his twelve years with Sir Henry Irving, he nevertheless did act in it, for he was the understudy for Henry Ashton, the part first played by Mr. Gordon Craig. Very early in the run Mr. Craig was compelled to be absent, and Mr. Harvey had to take his place at a moment's notice. This happened so soon after the production that Mr. Harvey does not recall ever having had the advantage of a rehearsal. Except for similar occasional performances, he did not have to be at the theatre during the run of the play, and he utilised his leisure by going to Heatherley's Art School, where he studied drawing and painting to such effect that he is now recognised as one of the good amateur artists in the dramatic profession.

While at the Lyceum, Mr. Martin Harvey once played Salarino in "The Merchant of Venice." An incident which happened to

him in that part serves to emphasise the story told last week of Mr. Forbes Robertson's strange reading of Tennyson's famous couplet. In the scene in which Lorenzo steals Jessica, Sir Henry Irving was exceedingly anxious to get a certain rhythm into Salarino's well-known speech—

Oh, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

Although he had been sent back time and time again to speak the lines just as Sir Henry Irving insisted—or perhaps because of this constant repetition—one night Mr. Martin Harvey's memory failed, and he could not remember a single word of the speech. Most actors would have "dried up," as the theatrical argot has it, and have devised some means to get the forgotten words from the prompter. Mr. Martin Harvey, however, adopted a different plan. Realising that, so long as the actor goes on talking, the audience often fails to notice exactly what he says, he spoke, not words, but sounds that scanned in exactly the way Sir Henry had insisted. Incredible as it may seem, not a soul in the audience appeared any the wiser. More incredible, Sir Henry, although he had just left the stage and must have been within earshot, did not notice that anything out of the ordinary had occurred.

In the career of Miss N. de Silva (Mrs. Martin Harvey), who has made so distinguished a success as Lucy Ashton in "The Last Heir," there is a delightfully humorous episode due to a lapse of memory analogous to the one recorded last week of Miss Gertrude Elliott. It often happens that when she is off the stage Miss de Silva stands in the wings in order to watch the play and notice the actors' work. One evening, while thus engaged, she became deeply interested in the piece, and noticed with growing apprehension that a stage-wait seemed imminent. The cue was given for the entrance of the character played by Miss de Silva herself, but, absorbed as she was in the play, she paid no heed to it, and remained standing at the side, supremely unconscious of the fact that her colleagues were in a quandary because of her non-appearance. The seconds lengthened themselves, seeming minutes to the unfortunate actors on the stage, while Miss de Silva at the side grew hot and cold in turn as she waited for the tardy actor to appear and relieve the tension of the situation. At length she could stand it no longer. She saw the stage-manager standing close to the prompter's box, and going up to him, she clenched her fists excitedly and said with tense vehemence, "Don't you know that there is a stage wait?" "Yes," replied the stage-manager, with no less tense vehemence; "and don't you know that the wait is for you, Miss de Silva?" In another fraction of a second Miss de Silva disappeared and, such is the actor's happy gift of metamorphosis, the character she was representing walked on to the stage, to the unspeakable relief of the waiting actors.



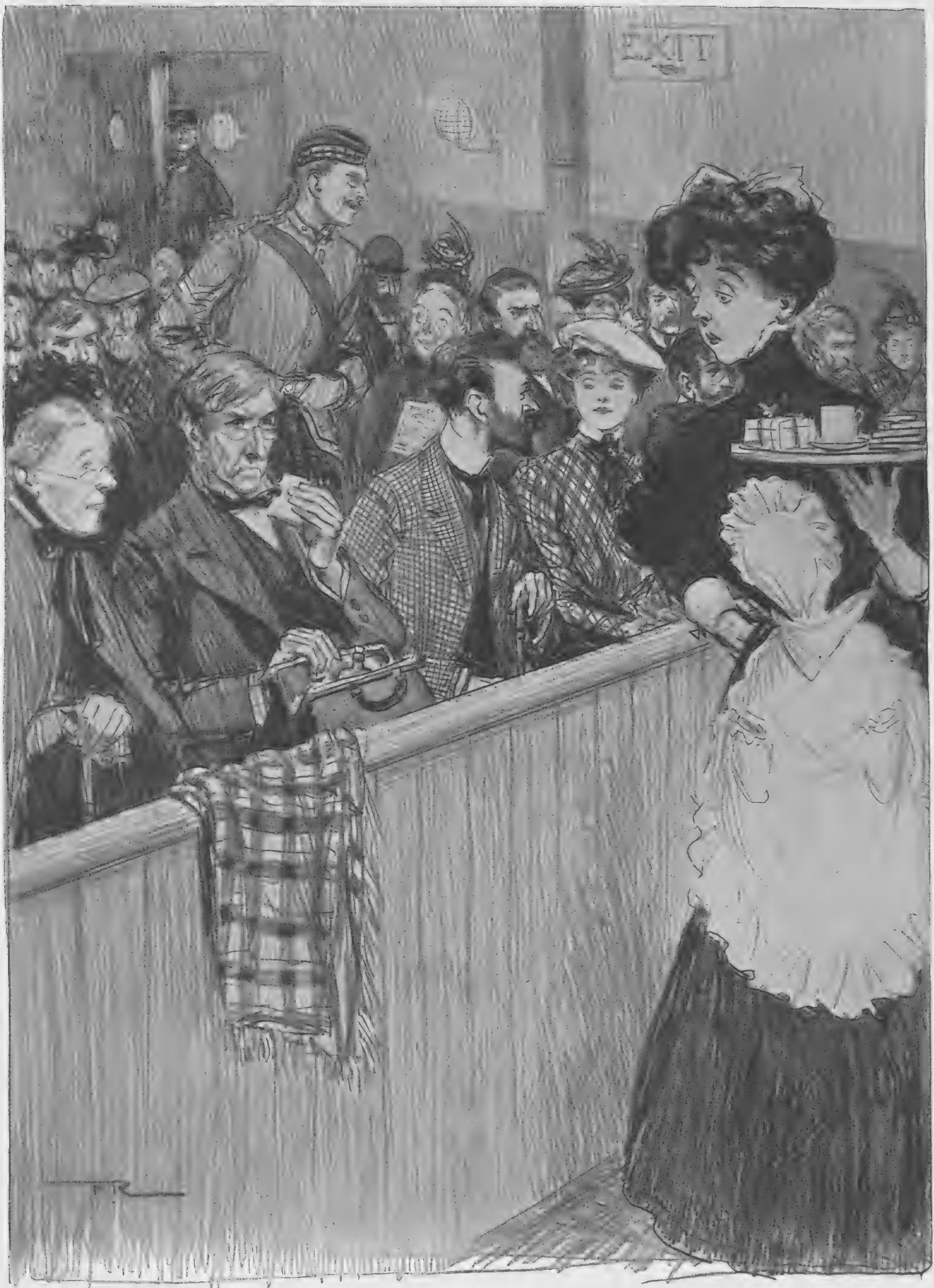
"JACK STRAW" ON TOUR: MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN AS MRS. PARKER JENNINGS.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

"JACK STRAW" ON TOUR: MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN AS MRS. PARKER JENNINGS.
"Photograph by the Dover Street Studios."

Pillars of the Playhouse.

Studies of Worshippers at the Shrine of Thespis.



VI.—THE BARRIE-RS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE autumn army of books rolls onward like a mighty river, or like a devastating flood, if you prefer that metaphor, but not in all of them together is the "literary world" so interested as in the peace now made between the publishers and the *Times*. One writes some time in advance for an illustrated paper, but probably the interest will be alive still when these remarks appear. True it is that peace is less interesting than war. We should all be much more pleasantly excited if the publishers had broken the windows in Printing House Square, or if the *Times* had printed a series of painful exposures in the private lives of eminent publishers. Since we were not to have that gratification, however, we must make the best of the refreshing change of seeing all the publishers rushing to advertise in the Literary Supplement, and of the beautiful thought that those potentates and Mr. Moberly Bell smile when they meet. Probably to most of my readers, as to me, the chief benefit will be that we shall now be able to ask for what books we like at the *Times* Book Club without feeling that the assistants regard us as enemies of that institution. I am mildly curious about the terms of peace, but I don't pretend to know what they are; in fact, I fear I am a little uncertain even about the terms of war. All I am quite sure of is that both the *Times* and the publishers had in view solely the interests of writers and the public—they only differed about the steps likely to promote those interests. That being the case, it will not surprise you to hear that it has been decided handsomely to compensate the unfortunate authors whose books were practically boycotted by the *Times* Book Club while the war raged. I happen to be one of them. Going to the Book Club shortly after the publication of a little thing of my own, I wept because, in a large room full of books and of people ordering them, mine was nowhere to be seen. It was explained to me that it would be supplied to customers who insisted on having it, but I could not expect it to be pushed in their faces when my publishers were fighting the Book Club tooth and nail; and I confessed, between my sobs, that the explanation was reasonable. My book, being rather expensive, was more likely to be ordered from such an institution than to be bought, and I lost, in consequence, from this uncomprehended war. However, that will be all right now. I have not received my cheque as yet, but I understand that a committee of publishers, assisted by Mr. Moberly Bell—who is to bear half the cost—is considering all such cases on a very generous basis. The decision, as I said, was only to be expected, but it is none the less agreeable to me to be the first to announce it—that is, unless some other wretch, driven satirical by misfortune, has thought of the dismal joke before me.

It was remarked the other week that books might just as well be advertised effectively as

any other commodity for sale, and that being so, one ought not to be "put off" a book because it is effectively advertised. Superior people are, though; and I confess that even I, who am quite humble about my taste and intellect, did not feel disposed to read "John Silence," by Algernon Blackwood, published by E. Nash—the book instanced—when I saw the huge pictures on the hoardings. But I was told that I should, and I did, and I am very glad. You read it, too, if you like a thrill. It is far better written than the average thrilling affair, and by a man who understands the scientific—or pseudo-scientific, if you will—theories of the occult, so that the monstrous things he relates come upon you with comparative plausibility. I think it was a mistake to group them round the same investigator, for our own Sherlock, delightful in himself, is not to be imitated, and, moreover, it makes the narrator sometimes a repetition of the foolish Watson. Mr. Blackwood is too original to need such formulæ. The most thrilling story of all is where a man goes to a remote French town and finds, or thinks he finds, that the inhabitants are all . . . but I will not commit that cardinal sin of reviewers and give the interest away.

I have hardly space this week to notice any other recent books; but two that leap to the eye, and, I suppose, are being devoured by my readers, are Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel and Mr. Chesterton's account of his religion and philosophy, which he modestly calls "Orthodoxy." as events in their way, for when all the

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL: THE FRONTISPICE OF "THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL," BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS - WEST.

Photograph by Sarony, reproduced from the book by courtesy of Mr. Edward Arnold.

Both are rightly regarded as detractors have finished, Mrs. Ward remains on her exceptional level (among novelists) of intelligence and just observation; and Mr. Chesterton—well, there's no time to argue about him now, but me, at any rate, he always "intrigues" and amuses.

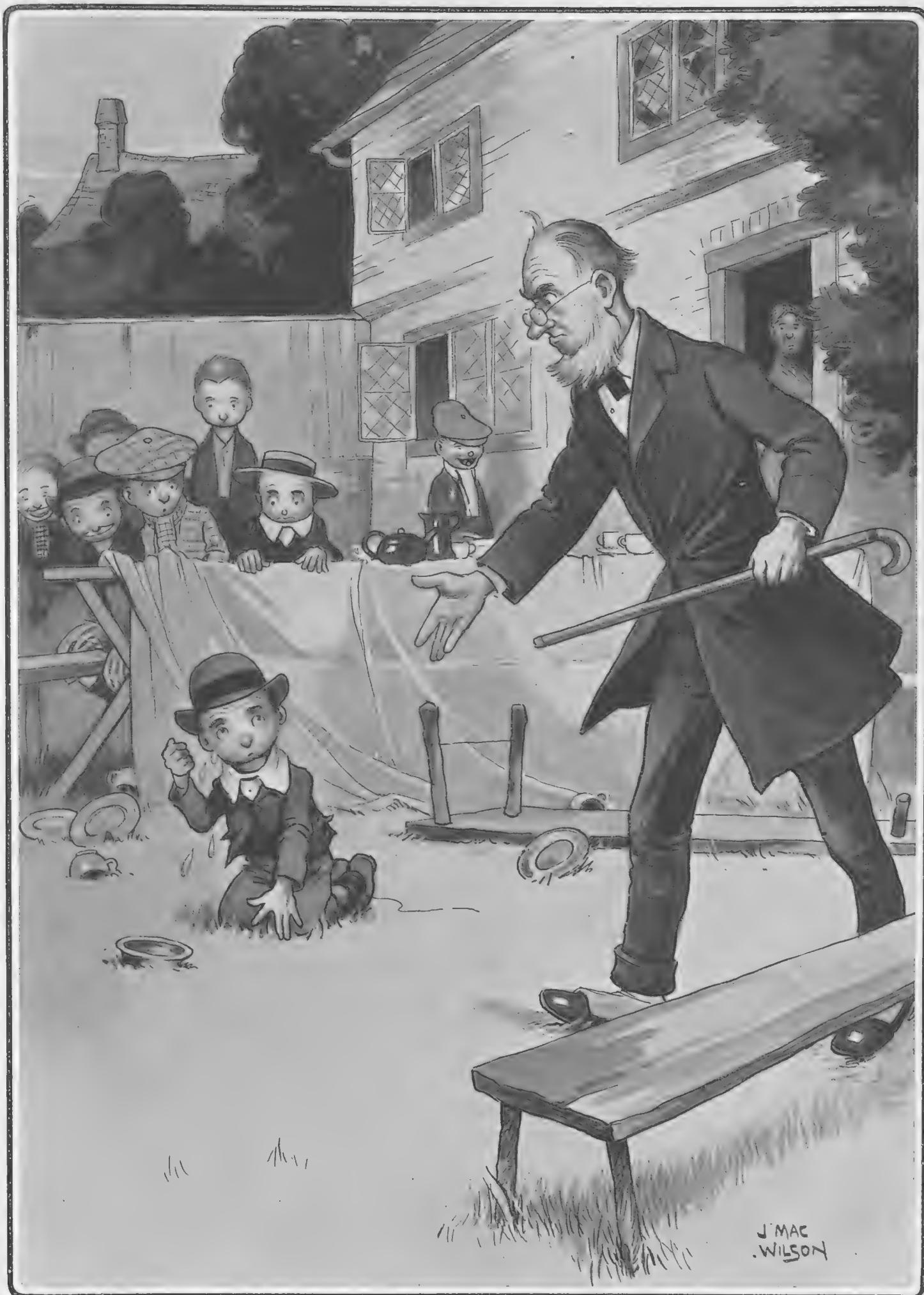
I rather avoid rushing at any prominent new book, and am still looking forward to reading "Orthodoxy" at my leisure. Perhaps I shall have something to say of it later; perhaps not, for possibly my view of it may not be fitly expressed in a lounging attitude. Mr. Chesterton's position in faith and philosophy, like Mr. Belloc's, which seems closely akin to it, has always been difficult for me to understand—a remark I make without the slightest arrogance. No doubt he explains it in this book with precision and lucidity. In any case, he is certain to interest me. I like men with ideas, and I do not notice them at every corner in Fleet Street, or elsewhere. Also I like men who are not afraid of seeming flippant, who know that a grave subject does not require necessarily a dull manner. But really I have almost reviewed him already—in the good old unread way.

Another interesting event is the announcement of Messrs. Duckworth's new Review, with a quite breath-stopping array of genius for the first number.

N. O. I.

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, BY SARGENT: FROM "THE REMINISCENCES OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL," BY MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS - WEST.
From a Drawing by John S. Sargent; reproduced from the book by courtesy of Mr. Edward Arnold.

CANNY CANUTE: HIS DAILY LIFE—VII.



THE MAN IN CHARGE OF THE TREAT: Why didn't you answer me at once, and admit
that you took those cakes, and so save yourself a whacking?

CANNY CANUTE: I couldn't. I was too full for words.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

By WALTER E. GROGAN,

Author of "The Dregs of Wrath," "The King's Sceptre," etc.

THE Duke of Luff was earnest. He was also young enough to be experimental.

"Webster," he addressed his man, "you and I have been in constant touch with each other for some years."

"Yes, your Grace," Webster answered. A thin decorous man with a respectful nose.

"Yet I—this coat is certainly tight in the collar, see to that, please—yet I, Webster, know really nothing of you."

"Your Grace, my testimonials—"

"Were excellent. I do not refer to that. Not *my* man but *the* man, if you follow me, Webster, the man under the very admirable mask you present to me. You have your trials, your difficulties, your ambitions, your other emotions. At least I have been credibly informed that that is the case?" He permitted a little earnest inquiry to deepen his tone.

"Certainly, your Grace." Webster was too well drilled a servant to permit anything to vary the even monotony of his voice.

"And I know nothing of it. For years we have lived side by side, and really, it is not straining a point to say that we are quite strangers. That is so, Webster?"

"It is, your Grace."

"And it is not right. I want to know more of the life that goes on—er--below the hall floor, Webster." His Grace's man was so excellent a servant that not one feature betrayed astonishment.

"A musical evening in the servants' hall, your Grace—a lecture, classes on the higher life?" he murmured.

"No, no. Superficial, Webster, misleading and superficial. That tie was not quite—not quite, Webster. Hardly worthy of you. I noticed it at dinner. I am an hereditary legislator, Webster. I am conscious—despite the Radical Press—of my duty. I ought at least to know something of the lives of those dependent upon me. I intend to apply for a situation as *valet de chambre*."

"Yes, your Grace."

"You are not surprised, Webster?"

"I should not be so forgetful of my place as to be surprised, your Grace."

"Quite so, quite so. I fear I shall not be able to attain your perfected impassivity, Webster. Possibly—I am not sure—possibly you would not make so good a duke as I. But I do not see the necessity for your making that experiment."

"When does your Grace wish to commence looking for a situation?"

"As soon as possible, Webster. There are a few lessons yet. You will give me those. By the way, I need hardly entreat your patience, Webster. I have had ample proof that you possess that plebeian virtue in abundance. I shall probably be a dull pupil—generations of aristocratic ease regrettably rob one of 'sharpness'—I dislike the word. Naturally, I do not expect to commence at the point you have achieved. Indeed, there is a reason beyond incapacity and incompleteness. I dread recognition. But the middle class, I am told, do not restrict themselves to copying the vices which popular preachers declare to be ours—if they only knew how very decorous and dull we are!—but reproduce as far as they are able the composition of our households."

"Quite true, your Grace. This barley-water has a little more lemon than last night."

"Thank you. I shall seek a situation in a middle-class family—provincial, if possible. Have you ever been in a middle-class household?"

"Yes, your Grace. It was a long time ago."

"How hurting that must have been to you, Webster. And I never knew. You see, I was quite right when I said that I knew nothing of your trials. How do I go about it, Webster?"

"You advertise, your Grace."

"Really—are you quite sure? I thought recommendations—I waited a year for you, hearing from Ilminster that he could not last longer without meeting his creditors."

"The middle class trust their own perceptions—they do not trust the recommendations of their friends." Webster wheeled a little table seriously to the bed-side and placed on it the barley-water.

"Dear me, Webster. What quaint people." The Duke of Luff carefully climbed into bed. "I really believe I am looking forward to my experiment."

"I would not do that, your Grace, if you will pardon me."

"Really! So bad? But I shall not have experienced the pleasure of living under so good a master as I am. That will make a difference. This, by the way, Webster, is quite a secret between us. I shall, officially, be travelling in America incognito. That will give me a reputation for originality. No British duke travels incognito in that land of equality, because none would dream of going to such a country unless matrimonially inclined."

"I shall safeguard your secret, your Grace. But—" He paused impassively.

"You have an idea, Webster. What is it?"

"The Lady Agatha, your Grace."

"Ah!" The Duke's voice became wistful. "The Lady Agatha, I am pained to say, does not quite understand my little experiments in sociology. I shall tell her America, Webster—a tour of political education before our marriage. She will have her trousseau to occupy her. There is nothing more, Webster. Good night."

"Good night, your Grace," Webster answered, and went out, closing the door softly.

In two weeks the Duke of Luff announced to Webster that he felt himself to be quite proficient in the duties of a valet, and Webster was too well drilled to express a contrary opinion. A handsome testimonial from the Duke of Luff immediately procured "Mr. Richards" a berth in the family of Sir George Gubbins, a cloth-manufacturer, recently knighted for no particular reason. The Duke of Luff departed for America incognito about the time that Mr. Richards entered the service of Sir George.

Sir George, a widower with one daughter, was exceedingly frank with Richards on his arrival. He had him sent for from the library.

"You're the new valet," he said. "I don't want you; but you've got to stay. My daughter says it's the thing. She probably knows. Now, I won't have you messing about after me. You understand? I'm a busy man. I'm mostly in town working. When I'm down here—in the evenings—I like quiet. I can shave myself. And put myself to bed. Been used to it all my life—I don't mean shaving. You had a good character from the dook. That fetched Ernestine. She's read a lot about dooks."

"There's always a lot to read about them in the halfpenny papers," said Richards; and added "Sir" as an afterthought.

"I don't exactly mean that. Society novels, I believe. . . . But that's nothing to do with what I want to impress upon you. I won't have you messing about after me."

"But what am I to do?" demanded Richards. "I think you should consider my position. It's a reflection upon my professional capacity, Sir."

"I don't care a damn for your professional capacity. Do? Join the other men-servants. They have quite a nice time, I believe—cards, the illustrated papers, chess, dominoes. . . . You don't quite catch on, Richards. My daughter says I must keep up a position. She has modelled our establishment on ducal lines. You can read about 'em in the monthly magazines. I think myself we're over-staffed. Ernestine say no. But I find the servants get in my way a great deal. Now she insists upon you. . . . You will receive your wages the 1st of every month. Otherwise I don't want to see you. And if I ever find you in my dressing-room fooling about with my things I'll break your neck!"

"But can't I tie your ties, Sir?" asked Richards plaintively.

"No. I wear made-up ties."

"Or brush your clothes?"

"Good lord, no! My office-boy does that. You can tie the butler's tie, if you want exercise. He's not a success at it."

"Sir, I am your *valet de chambre*, not the butler's." Richard was hurt. A little indignant, a little sorrowful. "The Duke of Luff—"

"See here, Richards. I am not a dook, I don't want to be a dook, and if you ever quote a dook to me again I shall probably murder you! Now go. I'm busy."

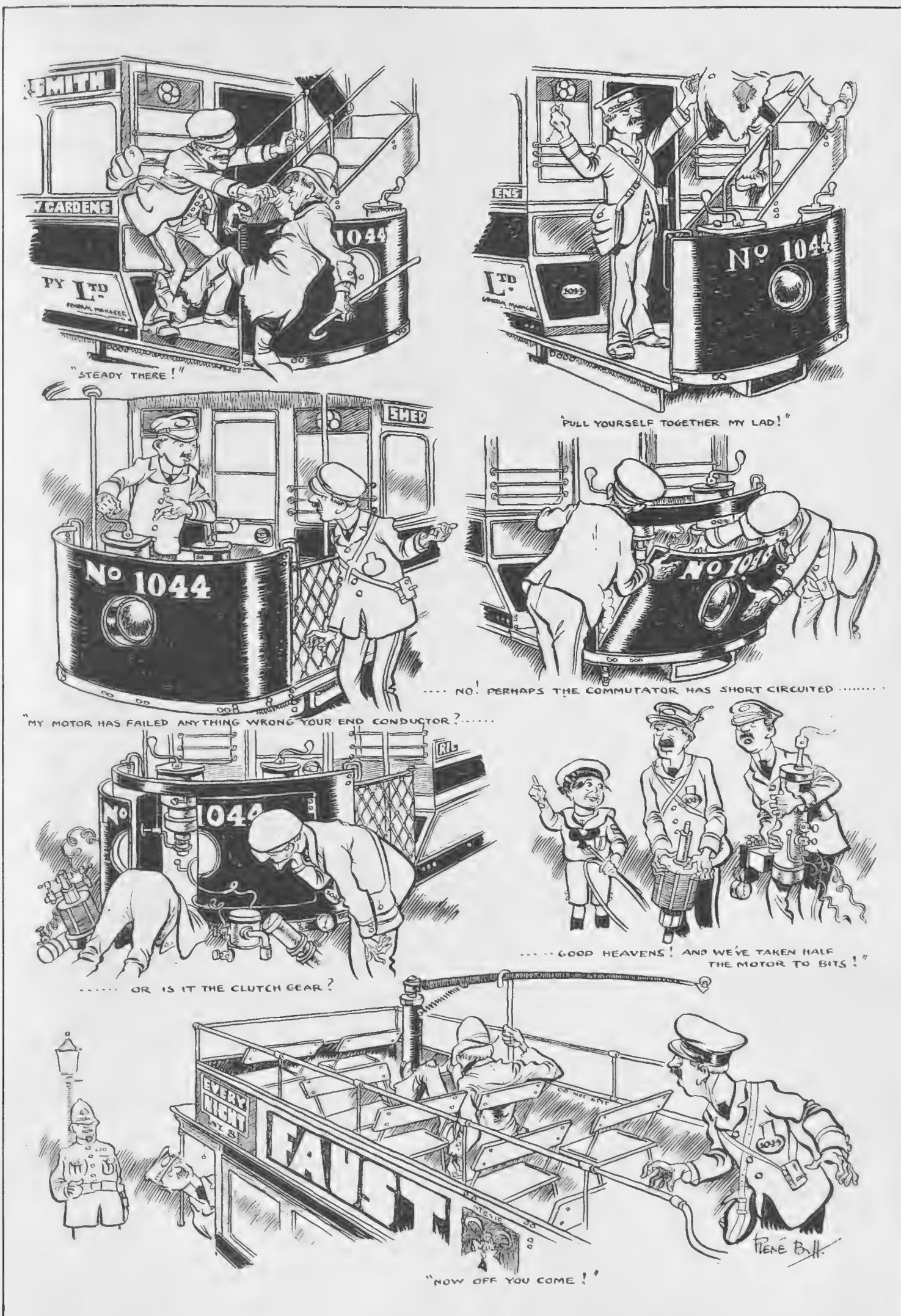
It was in this way that Richards entered upon his duties, and at the same time a very laudable experiment in sociology.

Mr. Richards was received in the servants' hall with flattering attention. The testimonial of the Duke of Luff placed him upon a pedestal.

"I've been no 'igher than a City barrow-nite myself," confessed

[Continued overleaf]

ANOTHER STOP ON THE LINE.



WHY THE ELECTRIC CAR CAME TO A STANDSTILL.

DRAWN BY RENE BULL.

the butler, "and Mrs. Hevans, the 'ousekeeper—she keeps a pleasant salong in 'er room, Mr. Richards, where you'll be made quite at 'ome—'asn't risen above a member of the 'Ouse."

"A Conservative member, Mr. Binks?" asked Richards.

"I don't mean that 'Ouse, Mr. Richards. The Stock Exchange. 'E was one of the Committee. Our old man is only trade. We all 'ave our come-downs. Me and you 'ave declined and fell. I suppose the Dook of Luff, now—the old story, eh?—debt and the Dramer?"

"No, no, I assure you!" cried Richards, scandalised.

"Hactresses are undermining our British Constitution, Mr. Richards." The butler shook his head. "It used to be the Turf. Times change. 'Ussies, not 'orses, now. Well, well."

"Indeed, you are under a misapprehension. The Duke of Luff is quite sound financially and morally." Richards was quietly indignant. "He is engaged to the Lady Agatha Knewlock."

"And goes off to Ameriky unknown and incognitly! I wonder 'oo the gel is? There, there, Mr. Richards, I respect your loyalty, although between friends you might—Well, later, perhaps, when we know each other better."

Sir George happened to meet his new valet by accident a fortnight after his arrival. Richards was smoking a cigarette in a furtive fashion near the stables. Beside him was the stable-yard dog—a ferocious bull-terrier, generally chained up during the day, and the terror of all the female servants. Bingo growled at his master, but Richards pacified him.

"Making a pet of that beast, Richards?"

"He's an affectionate animal when you know him, Sir. I made friends with him after only two bites."

"Ah! Well, I look upon him only as a protection," said Sir George.

"I am regarding him in a very similar light, Sir," answered Richards sadly.

"You look unhappy, Richards. I hope the other servants treat you kindly?"

"Yes, Sir—too kindly," the valet answered mournfully.

"What the deuce do you mean by that?"

"Nothing in particular, Sir. Do I give you satisfaction, Sir?"

"Entire satisfaction, Richards. I haven't seen you for a fortnight."

"I feel it is my duty to point out to you, Sir, that I am quite a useless member of your household."

"That is exactly what I wish you to be."

"But I am designated your *valet de chambre*," expostulated Richards.

"That is exactly what my daughter wishes you to be," was Sir George's answer.

"You do not wish to give me notice?" Richards inquired plaintively.

"No, no. I see what it is. You have been afraid that, being useless, I should get rid of you. Not at all, not at all, my man. Very few of the others do anything—it is merely a question of keeping up an establishment. Don't fret. You're doing admirably."

"Thank you, Sir," Richards replied meekly, and went back to the companionship of Bingo.

From time to time Miss Gubbins—Sir George's daughter Ernestine—used to meet Richards, and one day she engaged him in conversation. She was of an inquiring nature. Her inquiries were mostly concerned with the ordering of the Duke of Luff's household.

"My father is a most successful man, Richards," she said. "It is so difficult to keep pace with his success. There is a fitness in all things. To have the income of an average duke and to live in the manner of a Brixton householder does not accord with my idea of this fitness. But I am quite at sea as to ducal establishments. The articles in the magazines are, after all, very little to go upon, and Ouida is, I fear, hopelessly out of date."

"I have encountered few dukes such as she painted, Miss," Richards agreed.

"Exactly. Now I must ask you to give me lessons. They need not interfere with your duties to my father."

"They will not. Sir George is so much occupied, Miss."

"I walk in the rose-garden every morning. You will not, of course, bring Bingo." Richards sighed. "Shall we say from ten to eleven?"

"I am at your orders, Miss," Richards replied regretfully.

Miss Gubbins did not restrict her inquiries to the ordering of a household. The conversations gradually grew more personal in tone. She was surprised and pleased to find that the new valet was well read, and that his views on art, life, and Bernard Shaw were of the most elevated nature.

On the first wages day Richards lingered in Sir George's library.

"I am willing to do without notice, Sir," he said. "I have nothing to do."

"My daughter won't here of it, Richards," he answered. "And you don't interfere with me. I daresay time hangs a bit heavy on your hands—but every life has its drawbacks. I'll raise your wages if you like."

"It is not that, Sir. I'm greatly overpaid now. I doubt

whether any member of the Foreign Office does less for his salary than I do."

"Come now, Richards, it's not as bad as that. You are giving Ernestine lessons." He spoke kindly and encouragingly.

"That does not rightly come within my duties. I have professional scruples." He spoke with the air of a man who had screwed himself up to the point of speaking. It was difficult to one who responded to kindness so readily as he did.

"I was afraid—but don't you think you could stretch a point, Richards? After all, I am not a bad master."

"You are not, indeed, Sir." Richards was touched at Sir George's manly appeal. "I will—do my best, Sir."

"Thank 'ee, Richards," said Sir George heartily.

Richards went out from the library very sorrowfully. He caught sight of the tail of a black skirt disappearing down the back stairs. That would be Miss Mertens, Ernestine's maid. She had been paid just before him. He stole down the front stairs very softly—it was not the first time that he had done violence to professional etiquette—and sought the solace of Bingo's companionship.

Two days afterwards, again stealing down the main staircase—the head housemaid had been busy on the back stairs for thirty-five minutes—Richards was on the point of passing Miss Gubbins's boudoir when the door opened. It had been on the latch. Ernestine herself looked out.

"I thought that was you, Richards," she said. She smiled at him as though to disabuse him of any idea he might have that she was rebuking him. "Will you please come in."

"I know I am wrong in coming down this stairway, Miss," he said, as humbly as he could—there was a glimmer of hope in his eyes. "I'll go without a month, Miss. I—I am ashamed of myself."

"Go? Oh, no, Richards. Please come in." He entered shyly, leaving the door open. She brushed against it accidentally, so that it shut. "This is not the first time you have used this staircase?"

"No, Miss; not by a long way," he said, almost eagerly. "You are quite justified in dismissing me at once."

"There is no thought of dismissal, Richards." She smiled again. "I am afraid you are not happy." She spoke bravely, yet with an odd, shy constraint.

"Not very, Miss," he agreed.

"I have seen you pass hours in silent communion with yourself."

"I have had Bingo."

"Ah, yes. Even that fierce beast likes you." She mused a while. Richards looked startled. "You have a peculiar fascination. Mertens tells me that all the female servants are hopelessly in love with you. She is but a shadow of herself, and her Marcelle wave lacks its old inspiration." She touched her hair thoughtfully.

"I assure you, Miss, I have given no one cause—I have been very careful." His protestations were fervid.

"I know. Have I not cause to know?" She smiled again at him—a soft, shy smile. "I have frequently noticed that you lingered outside this door." Richards started. The accusation was just. A corridor ran from that landing to the back stairs. "It would be false modesty to pretend that I did not know the reason." She paused. In a lower tone, she continued, "Have you another name, Richards?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss?" he cried, aghast.

"A Christian name?" she said.

"Oh!" There was visible relief in his voice. "Timothy, Miss." It was the first name that occurred to him. Afterwards he often wondered why.

"Timothy—you need not be unhappy."

"But, Miss—" he stammered.

"My name is Ernestine."

"Consider my lowly position!" he said hoarsely.

"You have the manners and breeding of a duke," she answered.

"That may be so," he said unconsciously. "But I refuse to be otherwise than unhappy."

"Don't, Timothy. I know your honourable motives. But I have weighed everything carefully. I have met none like you either in the society of Clapham or the circles of Bayswater."

"But I—er—am engaged, Miss."

"I was prepared for that. To someone—pardon me for putting it so crudely—in your own station of life."

"Certainly—in my own station of life."

"Then she can be no mate for you."

"Just now you called me honourable, Miss, which, Miss, is very gratifying. My honour is engaged—as well as I."

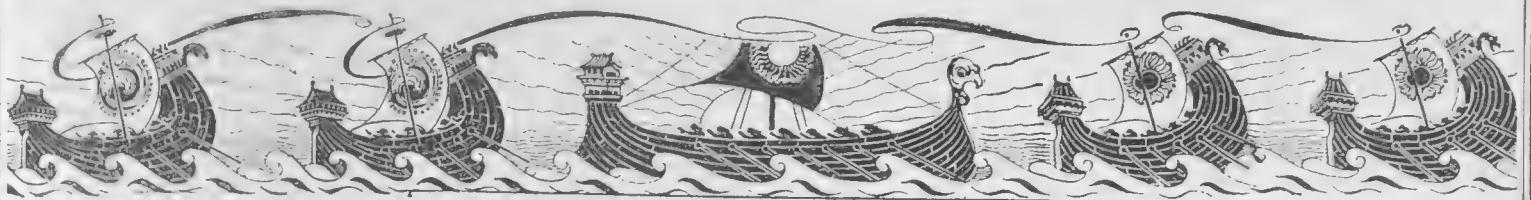
"That is not honour, Timothy, that is folly. Think it over, and you will see that I am right. I will expect you to-morrow."

That night the Duke of Luff returned unexpectedly from his trip to America. Webster officiated in his Grace's bedroom with the solemnity of a bishop.

"Did your Grace's experiment turn out to your Grace's satisfaction?" he permitted himself to inquire at last.

"Don't mention it, Webster!" the Duke groaned. "They were all too kind. I felt in honour bound to stay unless they dismissed me, and they wouldn't. My poor Webster, I shall always have profound sympathy for you."

His Grace the Duke of Luff slept soundly that night.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

BARON AEHRENTHAL, who caused the first startling move in the Balkan corner of the European chessboard, has been Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister for almost exactly two years. He was indeed a "dark horse" when the astute Emperor Francis Joseph summoned him from the St. Petersburg Embassy to succeed Count Goluchowski at the Ballplatz. Since then he has done very well, thanks to a masterly gift of silence, and also, perhaps, to an affection of the eyes which might, in another position, have been a drawback. He is certainly a statesman who takes long views, though he may find that in this business of the Balkans he has not looked forward quite far enough. Baron Aehrenthal is allied to the highest nobility, for he married a daughter of the great Magyar house of Szechenyi. As Minister for Foreign Affairs, he inhabits a rococo palace, built by Maria Theresa, almost next the Emperor's palace in Vienna, while he also

persuading the Sultan that the days of the Hamidian régime were over, and that his Majesty must yield to the wishes of his subjects. Tewfik Pasha has a clever, shrewd face, and he has many personal friends in the French and British colonies in Constantinople. He is perhaps the only statesman trusted by all parties in the Ottoman Empire. Yet another diplomatist who has played a rôle during the last ten days is Count Khevenhuller. He is now Austrian Ambassador in Paris, and so it devolved on him to hand his Sovereign's autograph letter announcing the change in the status of the occupied provinces to President Fallières. Oddly enough, it was he who was chosen in 1885 to snatch the fruits of victory from Alexander of Bulgaria.



THE EX-HALF-PAY LIEUTENANT WHO HAS BECOME A KING, AND HIS WIFE:
THE KING AND QUEEN OF BULGARIA.

The ruler who has decided to be known as the King of Bulgaria was, until Bulgaria was declared independent the other day, known as Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. At the time of his election as chief of the Principality he was a half-pay lieutenant in the Austrian army. His first wife was Marie Louise, eldest daughter of Duke Robert of Parma. His second wife, to whom he was married in February of this year, was Princess Eleonore of Reuss Kostritz. The new King—who, by the way, has not at the moment of writing been recognised by the Powers—is a Roman Catholic; his heir was received into the Orthodox Greek Church in 1896.

has the use of a charming villa in the imperial park at Schönbrunn. His Sovereign has implicit trust in his wisdom, and often consults him about his own private affairs and those of the imperial family. He is believed to be very pro-Russian in sympathy.

Other Dramatis Personæ.

M. Isvolsky,
the Tsar's
Foreign Min-

ister, who has just been paying a brief visit to London to confer with Sir Edward Grey on the crisis, is remarkable among the Foreign Ministers of Europe for his frank treatment of the Press. He is on the most friendly terms with all the correspondents of the great European newspapers, and treats them with courtesy and confidence. He first made his mark as Russian Ambassador to the Vatican,

rest-cure. In one *albergo*, where mainly musicians used to congregate,

The Rosslyn Wedding. Lord Rosslyn has the good-looking and unlucky man's popularity. His roulette system did not work when the Maxims were pitted against it; but he is still a believer in it, being, indeed, the most sanguine of men. The learned Judge who described a second marriage as the triumph of hope over experience ought to be alive to pronounce a sentence on a third marriage. Miss Vera Bayley is the third lady on whom the Earl has conferred a

coronet—an almost royal prerogative. She is clever, and cleverness counts; and she is beautiful enough not to have been really angry with the snap-shottists who awaited her arrival outside the Registry Office the other day. The whole thing was to be a secret. But where a party of at least eight people are invited to participate in the secret a leakage is sure to be the result.



THE HEIR TO THE BULGARIAN THRONE: PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA.

Born January 30, 1894.

where he settled some troublesome questions. While on a recent visit to Italy, he was robbed of his dispatch-box. Fortunately, the box, with its important documents, was recovered, though some bank-notes had been stolen. In Turkey, the key of the situation may be said to be in the hands of Tewfik Pasha, one of the most able statesmen the Near East has ever produced. He played an important part in



THE DAUGHTERS OF THE NEW KING OF BULGARIA: THE PRINCESSES NADEJDA AND EUDOXIE—IN NATIONAL DRESS.

The Princess Eudoxie was born in January 1898; the Princess Nadejda, in January 1899.



YOUNGER SON OF THE KING OF BULGARIA: PRINCE CYRIL OF BULGARIA.

Born November 17, 1895.

KEY-NOTES

IT is always a pleasure to listen to Miss Marie Hall, though at this period of her career the quality of her work is hardly so sustained as it will be in years to come, when she has acquired the complete confidence that comes to the professional of long standing. At her first recital this season, given in the new St. James's Hall, the young violinist was hardly at her best: her playing was uneven, and there were times when the violin did not seem to be perfectly in tune. Her interpretation of Schubert's "Rondo Brillante" revealed no faults; it was played with insight and high spirits; but in Goldmark's Concerto in A minor there were moments when the player did not seem to be equally at her ease, and the closing movement was less effective than the others. Perhaps the weather may have accounted in part for the falling-off: it must have been difficult to face a long programme on an afternoon when the heat was oppressive. Miss Lonie Basche, who appeared as accompanist and soloist, was heard to greater advantage in the first rôle than in the second—we are accustomed to hear Chopin's music rendered with so much skill and sympathy nowadays that a reading not absolutely of the first class leaves us a little dissatisfied. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and was merciless in its demand for encores. It seems a little unreasonable to ask a young player to return again and again to the platform after a recital of considerable length and difficulty, and it would be well if these extra pieces were not conceded. The average recital is a severe test of a player's endurance.

The opening concert of the season at the Albert Hall provided Londoners with ample excuse for remaining in town. Mr. Landon Ronald, who conducted the London Symphony Orchestra, makes steady progress as an interpreter of masterpieces; his readings are interesting, and do not lack individuality. The overture to "Die Meistersinger," which followed the National Anthem, lost nothing of its perennial freshness under his baton; the love theme was delightfully rendered, and if the brass sounded a little too opulent the fault may well be with the hall. Mischa Elman played Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole," from which the Scherzando and Intermezzo were omitted, and was evidently in good form, his rendering of the Rondo rousing the house to enthusiasm. Few players of his age have combined tone and technique as he does, and if restlessness detracts a little from the dignity of his playing, it is to be hoped that he will learn in time to overcome it. Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite was one of the most popular items in the programme, and Elman played Sarasate's haunting

"Caprice Basque." Doubtless there were many in the audience who, while remembering with regret that the composer is no longer with us, were reminded that the race of giants is not likely to die out. The young violinist, who was to play at the first of the Ballad Concerts on Saturday at the Queen's Hall, is about to give our cousins of the New World proof of his quality. It is to be hoped that they will permit him to return.

Emile Sauret, who has been in America and Switzerland for the past five years, has given up his engagements and is returning to London to play and to teach. It is not easy to remember that he played for the first time in London nearly half a century ago, but his first appearance in the Metropolis was made about the year 1862, when he was ten years old. De Bériot was his first and only master for violin-playing, though he studied composition under others. He remembers the French Court in the time of the Second Empire, he was the friend of Von Bülow and Rubinstein and Liszt, and for a few years he was the husband of Mme. Teresa Carreño, who has been giving recitals in London this month, and is one of the best-equipped women pianists before the public. Sauret has been a professor in Berlin, at the Royal Academy in London, and at the College of Music in Chicago. Though he is reputed to be a severe master, he is very popular with his pupils, for he has a great gift for teaching, and is almost as good a teacher as interpreter. Doubtless, he will celebrate his return to London with a recital or two, and they must not be missed, for he is a great violinist, despite his leanings to virtuosity.

Some details of the fifth series of Symphony Concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra are now published. The first concert will be given on Monday, Oct. 26, and will be conducted by Dr. Richter, who will preside over the following six. The April concert will find M. Emile Mlynarski wielding the baton, and that of the 1st of May will see M. Wassili Safonoff using his fingers, for he scorns the baton, and manages to do without it in fashion that is quite remarkable. Four of the twelve concerts of the series are to be given in May, and Herr Nikisch will conduct the other three. For the February concert the Sheffield Choir has been engaged. We have not seen the programmes of these concerts, but venture to hope that Dr. Richter will include a few novelties in them. The London Symphony players are so remarkably fine, and the amount of good music in the world is so great, that we cannot help recognising the possibility of having too much Wagner and Beethoven.

COMMON CHORD.



MME. TERESA CARREÑO, THE FAMOUS PIANIST, WHO MADE SO GREAT A SUCCESS AT THE SHEFFIELD FESTIVAL.

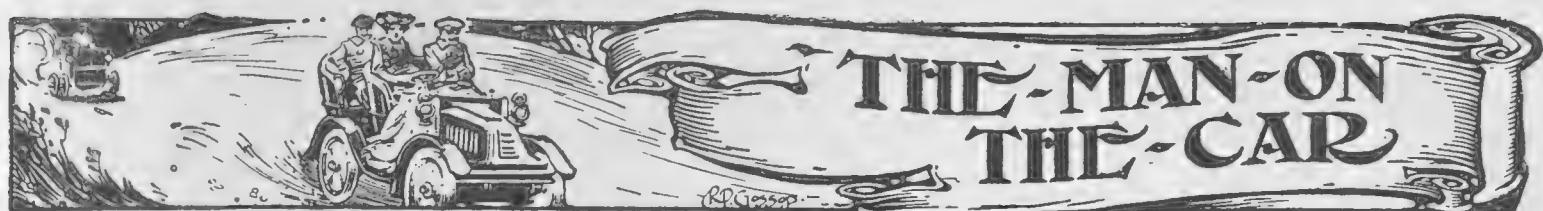
On the occasion on which she played Tchaikovsky's Piano-forte Concerto at Sheffield the other day, Mme. Carreño had quite a triumph. Not only did the audience applaud her heartily, but there were many cries of "Let her do it again!" and these were not to be resisted.—[Photograph by Bieber.]



A WELL-KNOWN PRIMA-DONNA WHO IS RETURNING TO ENGLAND:
MME. LILIAN BLAUVELT.

Mme. Blauvelt is to appear in England this autumn after an absence of five years, during which time she has been fulfilling engagements abroad. She will be seen in London at the Queen's Hall next month—on the 18th, to be precise—when she will be assisted by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Mr. Henry J. Wood. During the winter she will sing at a number of concerts in the provinces.

Photograph by the Hallen Studios.



THE VALUABLE TEACHING OF THE FOUR-INCH RACE—DEFECTS OF STEERING AND THE GRAND QUALITY OF DUNLOP TYRES ALIKE DEMONSTRATED—VAUXHALL TRIUMPHS IN FRANCE—SIZAIRE AND NAUDIN: WONDERFUL DRIVERS, WONDERFUL CARS!—THE ABSENCE OF SPRAGS: A CONVENIENT FITTING.

TO say, as has been said in certain quarters, that no lessons have been impressed upon our designers by the preparation of cars for participation in the Four-Inch Race is to utter nonsense. None are so ready to admit the value the race has been to them as those who built cars therefor and did not place a vehicle. Parts of such cars which had stood well enough in the average standard touring-car, and would stand again in practice, went before an hour's pounding competition had taken place, with the result that in these particulars the design of future touring-cars will be modified. It being necessary to provide high-speed engines to afford any chance of winning, piston speeds were increased, with the result that cam-shafts, valves, to say nothing of ignition

20-h.p. Vauxhall car, which, driven by Mr. P. C. Kidner, achieved a crown of laurels in the R.A.C. 2000 Miles Reliability Trial, and has done so well in subsequent events. Not only did the Luton-built crack win hands down in its class in the above-named event, but it came out a brilliant second in the efficiency rating, to which every car in the competition was subjected under formula.

The continued successes of the smart little single-cylinder Sizaire and Naudin cars are more than remarkable. What the Talbot is in voiturettes on this side of the Channel, the Sizaire is in voitures across the water. These cars are generally driven by the two nominal members of the firm responsible for them, which may or may not have something

to do with their repeated wins. The great French race called La Coupe des Voiturettes has been practically farmed by this car for the past three years. In 1906 M. Sizaire drove one to victory. In 1907, M. Naudin finished first on one and M. Sizaire second on another. This year, they repeated the dose in the same order. Although so fast and powerful, these little cars are remarkably sweet and quiet running, and are obtaining quite a vogue in this country. Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, of 45, Great Marlborough Street, W., gave a salient example of their expert car-tasting when they obtained the British agency for this mercurial little car.

An eloquent testimony to the general all-round efficiency of the brakes on the modern motor-car is the fact that very seldom indeed

now does one note a bar or a ratchet sprag fitted. Time was—and that was when it seemed impossible to design brakes to hold a car from running backwards—when sprags, generally of the forked-rod description, were the order of the day. Indeed, they were then very useful, nay, almost imperative if one's engine chose to peter out on a very stiff grade in course of negotiation on first speed. Although the forked rod sort are now quite undesirable, the conscious possession of the ratchet and pawl type is a very comforting factor when steep climbs are being negotiated. Moreover, if the change down from second to first is missed on a steep hill—and it is missed sometimes even

A NEW WRIGHT—OR WRONG? MR. MOORE-BRABAZON'S TRI-PLANE.

The machine resembles the Farman bi-plane, but is said to be an improvement on that invention.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

tions, were found to require re-consideration. Indeed, the race showed the advisability of providing every car with two quite independent systems of ignition.

Many defects in steering-gears were brought to light. Indeed, the tale of cars that suffered from steering breakdowns is somewhat disconcerting. Practically any other part of a car can break down without much risk of causing injury or loss of life, but steering-failure is deadly, and if this race, so contemned by some, had done nothing more than draw attention to the steering defects emphasised, its object would have been well and truly served. But of course it did a great deal more.

The race also afforded a really grand example of how splendidly good tyres will stand up, when fitted to cars with sweetly running, flexible engines. The winning Hutton, which is a Napier in all but name, went right through that arduous, fiercely contested race on one set of Dunlop tyres, and one set only. A very large percentage of the cars were fitted with Dunlop tyres, and throughout the pre-race practice it was very unusual to hear of tyre troubles.

It is indeed pleasant to chronicle the success of a British-built car in a Continental competition. The annual French event called the Gaillon Hill Climb is well known throughout automobile circles as a high-speed climbing-contest, and much kudos accrues therefrom to any car winning in its respective class. It is therefore gratifying to be able to record a double-barrelled success on the part of the famous



ANOTHER WRIGHT—OR WRONG? MR. MOORE-BRABAZON ON HIS NEW AEROPLANE.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



A CURIOUS PRIZE FOR CONQUERING THE AIR: "THE WOUNDED LIONESS."

The bronze is offered by the Aero Club of France to the naval or military officer owning an aeroplane who first makes a successful flight.—[Photograph by Thedoresco.]

by the most skilful—the disconcerting juggling twixt brakes and clutch is avoided; the pawl can be let down and the restart made on first speed from rest at leisure.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

SOME CESAREWITCH WINNERS—MONDAY RACING—JUMPERS—POINT TO POINTS.

I WAS talking to Charlie Wood the other day about his victory in the Cesarewitch on St. Gatien in 1884, when Mr. Hammond's smart three-year-old won from nineteen opponents with the welter weight of 8 st. 10 lb. in the saddle. Wood says the horse was very well indeed that day, and a few pounds extra may not have stopped him. As the colt had divided the Derby with Harvester the same year, while his stable companion, Florence, won the Cambridgeshire, Mr. Hammond must have done well. Rosebery won the double event in 1875. Mr. James Smith amassed a big fortune, and he invested the money by founding the Bon Marché at Brixton; but the venture did not pay, although in new hands it has become one of the best properties in London. Don Juan won in 1883 for Mr. Lambert, who had been left a legacy by Jenny Lind, the celebrated singer. The horse was ridden by Teddy Martin, who now trains at Lambourne. After the race the boy was asked what he would like for a present, and answered promptly: "A pocket-knife." He got it, and a good cheque as well. Mr. Lambert's son-in-law, Mr. Tom Corns, is a well-known racegoer, who owns Romney. He is one of the directors of the Manchester Racecourse Company. Homewood, who won in 1887, was owned by Lord Rodney, who also won the St. Leger the same year with Kilwarlin. His Lordship gave up the sport on his marriage to Lord Wimborne's daughter. Chaleureux, who won the race in 1898, once belonged to a well-known sporting journalist, who sold him to Sir James Miller to lead work; and, strange to add, Grey Tick, who won in 1903, was sold out of Willie Nightingall's stable to Mr. Willie Bass for the same purpose. Black Sand, in 1902, gave the bookies a terrible shock, though not quite such a bad one as Childwick's win in 1894 gave them. He was backed all over London for pounds, shillings, and pence.

From now to the end of next March, racing will take place on nearly every Monday. The first working day of the week is very popular with racegoers in the North and Midlands, and it is strange that the Jockey Club should have so few fixtures on a Monday. It is possible to reach the majority of the Midland and South-country meetings on the Monday morning, even after the morning gallops have been got through at Newmarket. Very little Sunday travelling, either for horse or man, is entailed by holding a race-meeting on Monday—certainly not more than takes place when a fixture is held on a Saturday. I think myself that if two-day meetings in the near neighbourhood of the Metropolis were held on Saturday and Monday, they would draw immense crowds. The plan has this year been successfully tried in the

case of cricket matches, and I do not see why it should not work well if applied to racing. In these days of quick railway travelling, the objection as to not being able to spend the Sunday

at home would not hold water, while the expense problem would level itself in the long run. The time has arrived when racing should come to the people, so to speak; and I am certain that fixtures held on Saturday and Monday within twenty-five miles of London would yield well the year round. The weekly settling might easily take place a couple of hours earlier than it does at present, or could be adjusted by arrangement on the racecourse instead of in a London club. The National Hunt Committee have evidently proved to their own satisfaction the value of Monday racing, and it behoves the Jockey Club to follow suit.

There is a great scarcity of moderate steeplechase horses, and I think that under the circumstances the National Hunt Committee should relax their rules and allow clerks of courses to give the greater portion of their money to hurdle-races. Two steeplechases per day would satisfy the public. Then we should get four well-patronised hurdle-races. It is monotonous work watching the same half-dozen selling steeplechasers competing against one another six days per week with varying results. It has been demonstrated conclusively that owners are not attracted to this sort of cattle; and how often do we read "No bid for the winner" at the end of the description of a selling steeplechase. Luckily, amateur riders do not care to risk their necks on broken-down old horses, while those who own this class of animal cannot afford to pay a five-guinea fee to a jockey. Indeed, in many cases, it is worth.

If instead of selling steeplechases, confined to amateur riders, they might in time make things hum; or, better still, why not institute more races of the fox-hunter class? The point-to-point races always yield well, and there is here a field for promoting events confined to hunters. I have always contended that to make steeple-chasing a real success it is necessary to invoke the aid of all the Masters of Foxhounds in the country, and I hope we shall see the time when every Master of Foxhounds in England will become a member of the National Hunt Committee. Then point-to-point races would be of first-class importance, and steeplechase meetings would attract plenty of runners and big crowds of spectators.

CAPTAIN COE.



A SPORTSMAN, BUT UNLUCKY: MR. F. W. JONES, WHO UNINTENTIONALLY USED A GUN THE BARREL OF WHICH WAS OF INCORRECT WEIGHT IN AN ECHO SHIELD MATCH.

At the last Bisley meeting, the Echo Shield was awarded to England, which had a grand total of 1699. Scotland was next with 1673. Mr. F. W. Jones was the top scorer for England, with a total of 220 points. Mr. Jones used one of the Sir Charles Ross Canadian match rifles, and, naturally enough, believed that the barrel was of the authorised weight—that is, 3½ lb. After the meeting his attention was called to the rifle; he had it weighed, and, to his surprise, found that it turned the scale at 3¾ lb. At once Mr. Jones wrote to the National Rifle Association explaining the error, and returning his money prizes won in various match-rifle competitions, which amounted to some sixty guineas. That body decided that Mr. Jones's score in the Echo Shield match must be disallowed.—[Photograph by Gatre and Foden.]

more than the horse is worth. If instead of selling steeplechases, confined to amateur riders, they might in time make things hum; or, better still, why not institute more races of the fox-hunter class? The point-to-point races always yield well, and there is here a field for promoting events confined to hunters. I have always contended that to make steeple-chasing a real success it is necessary to invoke the aid of all the Masters of Foxhounds in the country, and I hope we shall see the time when every Master of Foxhounds in England will become a member of the National Hunt Committee. Then point-to-point races would be of first-class importance, and steeplechase meetings would attract plenty of runners and big crowds of spectators.



LADY LUCAS GOING ABOARD HER STEAMER: HOISTING A HORSE WHICH WOULD NOT WALK THE GANGWAY.

Lady Lucas walked nearly to the end of the gangway, then became nervous, tried to jump over the barrier, and refused to advance any more. Eventually it was hoisted aboard in the manner shown.

Photograph by the Agence Générale d'Illustrations.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Life and the Bill-Poster. I am glad that one of my sex—in Paris—has seized on the profession of bill-poster. It is undoubtedly a fascinating occupation which

should not be left indefinitely to Man. To begin with, it is messy, and therefore diverting; secondly, it requires great dexterity; and thirdly, the bill-poster is a kind of superman: devastating, triumphant, inexorable. Only yesterday I stood and watched a fellow with a pasting-machine re-covering a hoarding. He did it with the most cynical air, whistling an ephemeral song, careless of the fact that he was wiping out yesterday's theatrical triumph, the glories of the White City, the appeal of somebody's serial, and replacing them with announcements of entirely different enterprises. The bill-poster, in short, is like Nature: he proceeds on his way oblivious of human aspirations and human tears. The wall which to-day celebrates the dazzling career of a dancer will to-morrow be riotous with praises of soap or cement. As the seasons come and go, so do the hoardings change their aspect; and the nymph who smiled at us yesterday may be, alas! replaced by the repulsive image of an ape. But, on the whole, for the bill-

sticker it is a gay and optimistic trade. He is concerned always with the spirit of high adventure; he is trained to ignore the past and to put faith in the future; and if the occupation leaves him cynical, he is, at any rate, an optimist, for everybody remotely concerned with Advertisement knows that Man "never is, but always to be, blest."

Sitting Down to It.

The unemployed who sat down the other day in Trafalgar Square hit upon a beautiful and symbolic idea. It is one that the Suffragists should have thought of long ago, for girls, in their draperies, would make a far more imposing effect reclining round the National Gallery and at the base of the lions than did a few score of ragged men. Hitherto, we have most of us considered that waste of grey granite as not particularly suitable as a cosy lounge; but it is evident, after the recent demonstration, that the public imagination may more easily be roused (and incidentally the wrath of the police) by sitting down for a few minutes on the pavement than by standing up for hours. By sitting down you show the essentially peaceful nature of your manifestation, as well as the fact that you have too much leisure on your hands. You also impress the spectators with the idea that you are no mere ephemeral brawler, but that they will have you always with them. I therefore conjure the intrepid Suffragettes to robe themselves in beautiful garments, and sit down, in their thousands, at a legal and discreet distance from the Houses of Parliament. If Ministers had to tread over their prostrate bodies before they could reach the scene of fiery debate, what an object-lesson could be administered! It is said that, in war, a horse will never willingly tread on a wounded soldier, and possibly the Government would hesitate to step on a long-suffering Suffragist. But I doubt it.

The Horrible Higher Culture.

In his newest book of essays, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton shows himself singularly disillusioned with the Higher Culture, and would by no means encourage a taste for it in women or the proletariat. "The effect of it," he roundly declares, "on rich men . . . is so horrible that it is worse than any other amusements of the millionaire, worse than gambling, worse even than philanthropy . . ." In short, according to our youngest Seer, the higher culture is "sad, cheap, impudent, unkind, without honesty and without ease." There is, to be sure, a good deal of truth in this sweeping indictment, yet the worst result of it undoubtedly is that it tends to make people what the French call *un snob*, a person preoccupied with the judgment of ephemeral coteries. Now a female intellectual snob is of all created things the most objectionable, for the higher culture in her case often makes her narrow, intolerant, mentally "genteel" and indifferent to the broader issues, the fundamental facts of life. Therefore Woman must not, as Mr. Chesterton justly argues, be "set free for the higher culture." That far-seeing and entertaining writer would prefer to see his feminine contemporaries "set free to dance on the mountains like Maenads, or worshipping some monstrous goddess." For in this way alone would they attain a certain individuality, whereas the intellectualism of the moment withers up the soul.

Bellamy and the Ingénue.

The most modern of all the personages in Mr. Roy Horniman's brilliant extravaganza, "Bellamy the Magnificent," is undoubtedly the minx-like American ingénue, with her soft voice, her subtle smile, her calculating manners, her rather deliberate innocence, and her lively appreciation of the charm, the whole personality of the middle-aged *viveur* so suavely played by Sir Charles Wyndham. An American novelist once described one of his youthful heroines as having had twenty years of terrestrial life and two thousand years of previous experience, and the Young Person in Mr. Horniman's play is another such flower of American civilisation. In short, the Rake and the Ingénue understand each other at a glance, and we feel that, were it not for the existence of the sentimental Lady Bellamy, our roué would not be

[Copyright.
A FUR EVENING WRAP FOR WEAR WHILE MOTORING TO DANCES OR THEATRES.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)]

averse from embarking on a fresh matrimonial adventure with this disquieting daughter of Columbia, whatever the consequences to himself might be. In short, brief as are her appearances, the Transatlantic *jeune fille* is, as in the real world, a person to be reckoned with in the comedy of Life.



[Copyright.
A SMART BRIDGE COAT OF BLACK LACE.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)]

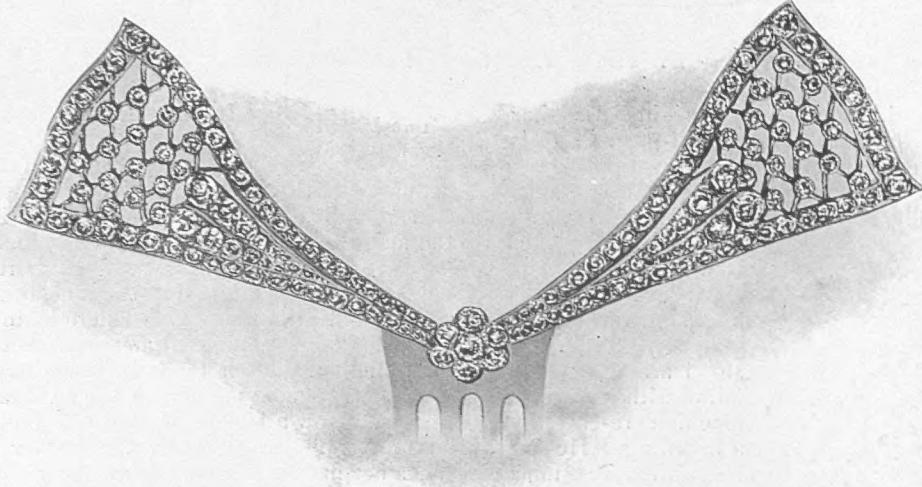


THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

ALTHOUGH a good many British women avoid exaggeration in the size of their hats, it would be idle to deny that huge hats are worn. Driving behind a taxi-cab in which were seated the Earl of Rosslyn and a pretty little lady in a very large hat, I was much amused to see Lord Rosslyn's immaculate silk "topper" almost outside the cab at the right side, to avoid its being scraped by the brim of the girl's chapeau, which took up much more than half the space inside the cab, and projected a bit at the left. Later, at a smart restaurant, I was amused again watching a girl, wearing a great big black hat, dining with two young men. Their efforts to whisper to her were ludicrous. I was most anxious to suggest telephonic communication. If chapeaux continue to extend their sphere, small telephone appliances would be a useful, and possibly ornamental addition to the trimming, and would greatly facilitate the arrival of soft nothings at the otherwise inaccessible ears!

A study of dress at the smart weddings in town last week was quite reassuring as to the prettiness and becomingness of autumn fashions. Fur was very little worn, what was seen being ermine or sable, and in small quantities. I notice that mole and elephant colour are still very greatly to the fore, showing that here in England women are less fond of change than their French and Austrian sisters. As I said in summer, the strongest influence in autumn fashions is the style of Directorate. A slim woman looks charming in it. A lady at Wednesday's wedding, where fashions were less up to date than at Thursday's, wore a mole-grey cloth clinging Directorate skirt, made with a seam up the centre and high waist. Over this was a double-breasted, wide-lapelled coat of similar cloth, much embroidered, and cut away in front quite short well above the waist-line. A rather high-crowned, wide-brimmed hat of bronze Ottoman silk was worn, finished with a great cluster of bronze, copper, and russet feathers at one side. It was quite charming. At the same wedding, the bridesmaids' dresses were in Directorate style, and were delightful, being of tea-rose-pink silk that looked as if it were shot with silver. The bodices, draped rather in fichu style, crossed over tulle vests, and long, tight-tucked sleeves of tulle; the long, clinging skirts had a row of large buttons slantwise down the back; these were covered with pink silk. Tall white staves were carried, on the tops of which were shower-clusters of pink tea-roses, mingled with green and brown foliage. Large black velvet hats were worn, trimmed with black ostrich-feathers. These, charming in themselves and quite becoming, were rather too heavy for the dresses, and somewhat destroyed the balance of the costumes.

Lady Cynthia Needham's four grown-up bridesmaids, all pretty girls, wore point d'esprit over ivory satin. The high-waisted bodices were rather in Josephine style, with knots of pale-blue satin ribbon in front, and having pale-blue sashes. The hats were lovely, being of pale-blue satin, the brims lined with velvet; they were trimmed with dull silver embroidery and silver-and-blue roses, while tulle veils were draped at the back, falling over the shoulders. The eight little girls wore ivory-muslin picture frocks, copied from a picture of Sarah Countess of Jersey as a little girl. This ancestress of the bridegroom figured largely at the wedding: the bride wore the veil which she used for her own wedding, close upon a hundred years ago. The Villiers family have reason to be grateful to her memory. She was the eldest daughter and sole heiress of the tenth Earl of Westmorland, who, through her mother, the only daughter of Robert Child, of Osterley Park, brought that place and an immense



A NEW DIAMOND HAIR-ORNAMENT, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

fortune into the family. The little maids wore mob-caps with blue rosettes, and the procession was a charming one.

Lady Kilmorey, the bride's tall and handsome mother, looked splendid in a bronze-brown satin charmeuse dress, very clinging, with sleeves and part of the bodice of silk net the same colour, and trimmed with rich raised embroidery. Her large smart hat was of Ottoman silk, the same colour, the only trimming being great, handsome clusters of the most delicate peach-blossom mauve ostrich-feathers. There were dozens of beautiful dresses worn, and such lovely hats. Embroidery was much in evidence. The tall, slim

young Marchioness of Downshire wore one of the new long-skirted coats in green cloth braided with black. The Countess of Caledon wore a Cavalier cape of pale-blue velvet over a silver-grey dress, and a grey-and-pale-blue hat. The Marchioness of Ormonde was in elephant colour and Nattier blue. Lady Annesley looked lovely in pearl grey, and Lady de Trafford, quite recovered from her recent illness, was neatly gowned in dark blue and hatted to match.

Seldom have I seen so many men at a wedding—Prince Francis of Teck, the German Ambassador, the American Ambassador, the Earl of Longford, tall handsome Lord Newry, his brother, who has just got his commission in the Grenadier Guards; that veteran soldier Sir George Wombwell, a survivor of the immortal charge of the Light Brigade; General Lord Cheylesmore, the Earl of Shaftesbury, who came with his handsome wife to see their little daughter play bridesmaid; Lord Leigh, Lord Dunsany, and many soldiers and diplomatists. I saw a purple coat on a man guest, and it failed to commend itself to me, while other men regarded it with more amusement than envy. Of course we have heard, read, and seen that some young Austrians and French dandies are wearing red and purple coats. Englishmen of this day consider dandyism as extinct as the dodo, although as a race they are the best turned out men in Europe. Purple or red coats do not attract them; their effects are obtained in quieter ways.

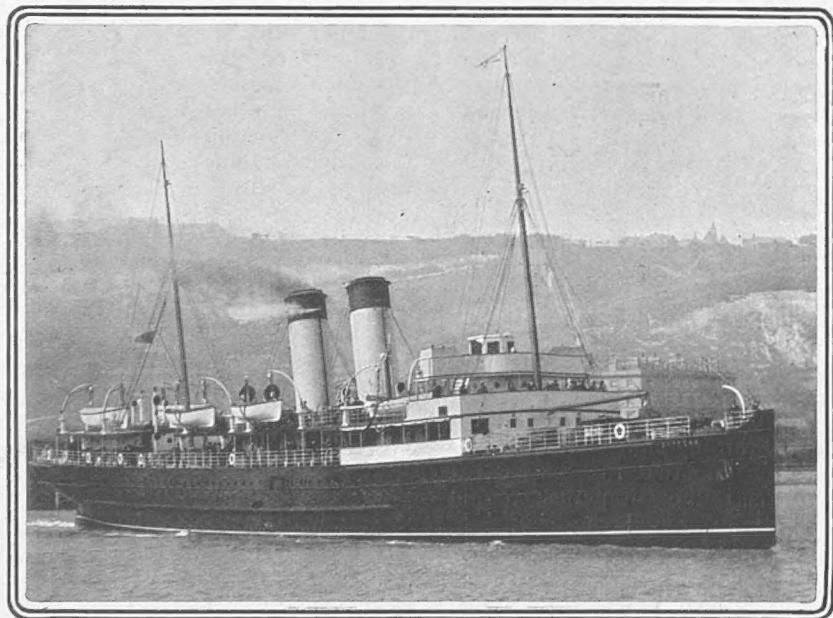
On "Woman's Ways" page are drawings of a smart bridge coat of black lace, having a jet embroidered vest and tassels of jet to

deep points falling on the skirt. The scarf round the high waist-line is soft black satin, finished with fringe. The other drawing is of a fur evening wrap, such a one as can be worn for a motor-ride to dance, dinner, or play. It is of sable, and opens down the sleeves and sides, showing panels of ermine. The revers are faced with ermine and embroidered satin.

Several important Scottish engagements have been announced this year, none arousing more enthusiastic interest throughout Scotland than that of Miss Pauline MacLeod, the elder daughter and heiress of MacLeod of MacLeod, and Mr. Nicol Martin, of Glandale. The marriage is to take place at Dunvegan, in the Isle of Skye, the oldest inhabited house in the United Kingdom, and owned by the

Chieftain of the MacLeods for close on seven hundred years. The splendid old castle is one of the sights of the Isle of Skye, and some portions of the building are said to be even older than the thirteenth century.

Golfers will no doubt be glad to hear of the publication by Messrs. Watts, Burton, and Co., 145, Fleet Street, of "Who's Who in Golf, and Directory of Golf Clubs and Members." There will be found in it the rules of golf and various other matters of interest, and a long and very full list of golfers and their clubs, and full details as to golf clubs, the length of their courses, and so forth. The book should certainly prove of very considerable use.



'CROSS CHANNEL IN COMFORT: THE SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM COMPANY'S TURBINE STEAMER "EMPERRESS" LEAVING DOVER FOR CALAIS.'

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 27.

THE Stock Exchange position has completely changed since we last wrote, and in the past three or four days the revival of two months seems to have been almost undone. It is generally felt that a great European war is improbable—every nation is too afraid of every other to take the plunge—but nothing disturbs financial matters so much as “political markets,” and it looks as if this is the sort of thing we must expect for the rest of the year. If there were, in the opinion of the great financial houses, probability of actual war discounts would not have remained at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., especially as in the normal course of events rates would have tended upwards, for reasons which we have no space to dwell upon, but which are known to everybody who studies the conditions of the Money Market.

To forecast the future at this moment is almost impossible, for the price of any stock or share depends not only on intrinsic merit, but also on the financial needs of the people who hold it; so that when political troubles arise of such an acute nature as we are face to face with in the Near East, too many uncertain elements have to be taken into account to allow of a profitable forecast. Gamble, if you will, on your idea as to whether events will or will not become more threatening; but don’t forget that the most unexpected and apparently harmless circumstance may at such a time as this alter, not only the course of the Money Market, but the course of history as well.

As our correspondent “Q” says in a communication we received from him in the early part of the week, it is for the wise man a case of “hands off” until we can see a little further into this Eastern complication.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SMASH.

It is very desirable to take a perspective view of the Kaffir Market right across whatever may be the happenings of the next few weeks, and to get at the right proportions of a picture which is now, manifestly, shown in anything but its true colours. The impartial student of the market confesses little surprise at the sudden slump in prices. Periods of inflation are always followed by others of swift descent, brought about through one cause or another. “There is always something,” as the Stock Exchange says. “Sell, sell; sure to do well,” grunts the bear, reckoning upon the chapter of accidents which stands him in such good stead as a general rule. Beyond the present position, however, what prospect opens? Prices stand at more modest levels, some of them tempting from the dividend standpoint. But business has received an abrupt check, and public confidence a severe blow. Prices may easily bend still further, and are not at all unlikely to do so; but ultimately to-day’s prices will be looked back to, unless we are mistaken, as having been decidedly low.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

“Sick?” said The Jobber. “Sick isn’t the word for it,” and he flung himself against the cushions with a dead-to-the-world expression.

“What’s the matter?” asked The Engineer. “I thought you did so well in August and September.”

“I did,” was the reply. “Actually made a bit of money. Then got caught this account, and lost—Oh! sick isn’t the word for it.”

“*Sic transit gloria mundi;*” quoth The Banker.

This being the only known occasion upon which The Banker had ever been caught attempting to pun, The Carriage was immediately filled with reproachful coughing and resentful cries.

After the tumult had calmed down a little, The Banker ventured upon the suggestion that all might come right in the long run.

“How long?” demanded several; but the old gentleman declined to commit himself any further.

“Broadly speaking, it is safe to buy in a panic,” declared The Merchant.

“But people always expect to get in at the bottom.”

“And out at the top. Neither of which they ever do.”

“What kind of stock, now, do you consider cheap to-day?” The Merchant asked The Broker.

“Take such things as the Argentine Railways,” was the answer. “There’s not the faintest connection, except the simply sentimental, between Turkey and stocks like Buenos Ayres Western, or Rosarios. Yet the prices have fallen.”

“Both stocks carry dividends, don’t they?” The Engineer inquired.

“B. A. Westerns, are cum £4, and Roseys £3. Buy a bit of each, and you get $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on your money from the combined investment. Good enough, isn’t it?”

The others nodded assent.

“Or take Peru Pref.,” The Broker went on. “There is no actual connection between Perus and Turkey. Yet down go Perus, just because Paris sells Russians and Rios.”

“You think well of Peru Pref.?” said The City Editor.

“As a thing to put away, undoubtedly I do. But you mustn’t delude yourself into the belief that you will hit them right at the bottom, unless by sheer luck.”

“Your confounded newspapers are doing a heap of harm,” scowled The Jobber. “Pandering to the supposed appetite of the multitude for cheap sensationalism.”

“The public ask for it,” defended The City Editor.

“They don’t. You supply it, strong and spicy. But we of the public would be far better pleased, and just as contented, if we were sure that the news was trustworthy.”

“If we knew that most paragraphs with startling headlines did not require the liberal application of salt,” added The Engineer maliciously.

“You’d never make successful journalists,” said The City Editor, a touch of pity in his tone. “Why, if I were to tell you how quite short cables are elaborated and sub-edited into imposing—”

“We don’t want to hear the nauseating details,” declared The Jobber. “It’s bad enough to be asked to swallow the concoction, without being shown how it’s cooked.”

“Well, I don’t think the Stock Exchange can afford to throw stones when it comes to a matter of circulating false news and rumours,” observed The Merchant.

“I think myself that Kaffirs will recover,” said The Jobber.

“Fresh rumours every twice a day—”

“Of course, you may see them lower first, and the slump has been the worst possible blow which could befall confidence.”

“Who starts these rumours—that’s what I want to know?”

“And nobody can deny that there’s room for a further fall.”

The Merchant laughed, and, stroking The Jobber’s bristly hair, said he “touched wood.”

“We shall have a bad market—in fact, bad markets all round, for some time to come,” said The Broker gloomily. “Everyone’s afraid to touch Kaffirs or anything else now.”

“And will be, for a couple of months or more.”

“Till after Christmas?” suggested The Merchant cheerfully.

“I maintain,” repeated The Broker, “that for a man with money who will buy good and sound stocks, to take up, the present is a fine opportunity.”

“My views coincide with yours,” The Banker said. “Egyptian 4 per cent Unified bonds at 102 are surely very cheap.”

“So are Grand Trunk Pacific Lake Superior Fours at 94.”

“Trunks aren’t exactly popular just now,” laughed The City Editor.

“Trunks have been standing at ridiculous prices for some time past, as we’ve all known and all said and all suffered from,” replied The Broker. “But the security of those bonds is excellent. They rank in front of the Trunk Company’s Guaranteed stock.”

The City Editor was rallying The Jobber upon the latter’s loss of his customary spirits.

“Feel at a small discount, old man, eh?”

“Discount?” said The Jobber. “Just the reverse. The premium has increased this morning, and now I’m ‘pa to three.’”

“All at once?” exclaimed The Carriage, aghast.

“Oh, no,” said The Jobber modestly.

Saturday, Oct. 10, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C. Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

KELANTAN.—The result of our inquiries is very unsatisfactory. There is no Company registered of the name you give; and our advice is to have nothing to do with the Co-operative Societies, of which there appear to be several at the address named.

INVESTOR.—Yes, the Taquah Mining and Exploration Company is limited, and the shares are fully paid. You might have taken that for granted.

HUNTERFORD.—It all depends on the price of copper. We have no reason to think that a quick rise is likely.

READER.—The price of Gwalia Consolidated rights is about 3d. to 9d. per new share. If you cannot afford to pay you can sell your nomination letter. Probably the best deal, however, would be to dispose of one-third of your present holding, and to take up the new shares with part of the money, treating the rest as a dividend.

E. B. P.—See “Q’s” advice in this week’s “Notes.” The markets, especially those in which there is considerable Continental dealing, are quite demoralised at the time of writing this answer.

SUCCEEDER.—The price, according to the official list, we have sent you. As to French Rands, it seems madness to sell in these demoralised markets, but we do not think well of them.

J. P. O’D.—(1) We think the Brewery shares have probably seen their worst. (2) To buy Kaffirs, or in fact anything else at the moment, seems like tempting Providence; but we prefer Rand Mines. (3) Gwalia Consolidated.

BAZAAR.—(1) See “Q’s” advice in this week’s “Notes.” The whole Kaffir Market depends on Balkan politics, and to go into a gamble until the horizon is clear appears madness. (2) At 65 the purchase is a good one, and you would get £4 10s. on the return of 1907. Sorry for your Chinese ventures.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Cesarewitch will be won by Glacis, and the Middle Park Plate by Bayardo. Other selections for Newmarket are: Select Stakes, Dean Swift; Second October Nursery, Cistus; Autumn Handicap, Mildew II.; Ditch Mile Nursery, St. Victrix; Bretby Stakes, Roche Abbey; Royal Stakes, Royal Realm; Exning Handicap, Galore. At Lingfield the following may go close: October Nursery, Ute; Pheasant Handicap, Devas; Westerham Welter, Viz; Cage Nursery, Might; Non-Stayers’ Plate, Opal; Rustic Handicap, Amaturas.

THE MERE MAN.

ON SUFFERING OUT OF PLACE.

STRICTLY speaking, all suffering is out of place. We are told by those who purvey science for the million that pain is the alarm-signal which shows that there is something wrong with the body, and that the nerves flash the news from the part injured to the brain. Apparently, it is really in the brain that we feel the hurt, although we imagine it is in the part injured, for it takes some appreciable time for the sensation to travel along the nerves. One of these scientific gentlemen lately informed us that some of the gigantic lizards of the early ages of the earth were so long in the body that if they received an injury in the tail it took two minutes for them to realise the fact by the telegraph of the nerves. No doubt those who trod on the tail of a brontosaurus, or whatever the creature's name was, took full advantage of those two minutes to get out of the way and hide round the nearest corner. This, however, is by the way.

But if all pain and suffering is a nuisance and an anomaly, it is more especially so when a man has some important work to do. For example, a policeman at a crossing suffering from toothache is singularly out of place. Only the other day the Mere Man happened to see a policeman directing the traffic with one hand, while with the other he pressed his aching jaw. It is difficult to imagine suffering more utterly out of place, for managing a crowded crossing is quite sufficient in itself to occupy a man's best attention without the distraction incident on an attack of neuralgia. Somehow, one always imagines policemen to be Olympian beings, above the little pains and illnesses of mortal men, and yet, after all, they are but as we ourselves, and even when on duty are not exempt from the ills that flesh is heir to. The spectacle of a policeman with the toothache is indeed enough to make a philosopher shake his head.

It would be curious to know how often history has been altered by this suffering out of place. A bad headache at the critical moment when a clear brain and a prompt decision were needed may occasionally have upset years of the most careful planning and scheming. An attack of gout at the beginning of a battle used sometimes to upset the old field-marshals in the Continental wars, and it is said that in the early wars of the French Revolution, when the Republican ships were largely manned by landsmen, the crews were often so sea-sick in rough weather that they could offer but a feeble resistance to our own sea-dogs. This was a notable example of suffering out of place, for no one could possibly fight when attacked by sea-sickness. Probably many a sea-fight has been decided by the superior indifference to one or other of the combatants to the

tossing of the sea, more especially in the old days when the fighters were soldiers drafted on board ship for the purpose.

But if many a struggle in diplomacy or on the field of battle has been lost owing to a headache or a toothache, or some other pain, the same thing holds good among ordinary men. Often a fine scholar has lost his place in an examination from over-anxiety in looking up his subjects over-night, with the result that he has to go into the examination-room with a racking headache or an overpowering neuralgia. A good stroke of business has also frequently been missed from the same cause, and many a barrister has made a mess of his case in Court, and a solicitor in his office, owing to this suffering out of place. The crabbedness of much of Carlyle's writing, and the eccentric judgments of men and things put forward by some writers, are directly due to indigestion, which is the great enemy of the sedentary man, and will account for so many authors of to-day having turned violently to golf. It may be that many writers owe their sweetness and light to being able to work off their atrabilious tempers by smiting the harmless little golf-ball. But not the toothache. Golf can never cure that, for an ailment that will venture to attack even a policeman at a crossing will yield only to the most violent remedies.

It used to be said that pain was "good" for us, and was an admirable discipline for the mind, as well as for the body. That was by the old school, who believed in the "hardening" process, the survivors of which still make themselves uncomfortable to the present day. The modern theory is that all pain and suffering is harmful for the mind, no less than for the body; and medical men nowadays, if they can do nothing else, at least do their utmost to alleviate the patient's sufferings. It hardly seems credible that in the Early Victorian era it was positively considered wicked to stop pain. The argument was that pain was sent to be endured, and, therefore, that nothing ought to be done to stop it. To-day we say that antidotes and anaesthetics were sent us to relieve pain, and, therefore, that every use ought to be made out of them. As for suffering out of place, it ought to be put down at once, for at times it may be a terrible danger to the whole community. All sorts of things may happen if the general in command of an army, a captain on the bridge of a ship, a driver in charge of an engine, or a man in any position of responsibility is attacked by sudden pain. But in common everyday life few things can cause more complications than a policeman at a crowded London crossing being maddened by toothache. The entire traffic of the Metropolis might quite possibly get into a knot that it would take weeks to unravel.



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